

8. *Handwritten*
HONORIA
AND *Sm. Fuller*
MAMMON!

WRITTEN
By *JAMES SHIRLEY.*

*Auri sacra fames quid non Mortalia cogit
Pectora ?
-----Et immensum Gloria calcar habet.*

LONDON!
Printed for the use of the Author.



TO THE
CANDID READER.



Small part of this Subject, many years since had drop'd from my pen : But looking at some opportunities upon the Argument, I thought some things more considerable might be deduced ; and applying my self further, at times of recess, I felt it grow and multiply under my imagination : Nor left I it then (the matter being so pregnant in it self) till I form'd it into such limbs and proportions as you now see it. Modesty after this, invited me to cover it, and to cut off many impertinences, and purge some humour, that late, I confess, unhandsomely upon it.

HOMER

AND

AMMON

BY JAMES SHIPLEY

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF THE LATE
JAMES SHIPLEY

LONDON

Printed by J. B. Nichols

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To the Reader.

What is now presented, I hope will appear a genuine and unforc'd Moral, which though dress'd in Drammatique Ornament, may not displease, in the reading, persons of ingenuity, such whose nature is not to create prejudice, where they intend a recreation. And in the confidence of that, I do not repent the superstructures I have made, my pains, nor expences that have attended to bring it to this. It is now publique to satisfy the importunity of friends, I will onely adde, it is like to be the last, for in my resolve, nothing of this nature shall after this, engage either my pen or invention.

The reason why I make no particular Dedication to any Friend, is, because I aim my general respect to all, whose favours and civilities have oblig'd me. At this none will be offended, where

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Persons.

Conquest a Colonel, } Lovers of Lady
Alworth a Scholar, } *Honorio*.
Alamode a Courtier, }

Fulbank a Citizen, } Sutors to Lady
Maslin a Countreyman, } *Mammon*.

Travers a Lawyer, servant to *Mammon*
and *Honorio*.

Squanderbag.

Phantasm, Gentleman-usher to La. *Mam*

Dash the Lawyers Clark.

A Captain.

A Serjeant.

Souldiers.

Countreymen.

Honorio.

Mammon.

Scene

Metropolis.

HONORIA AND MAMMON

ACT. I.

Enter *Alworth* and *Phantasm*.

Alw.



I \$ not far off, 'He aske this Gentleman
Can you instruct me, sir, where the great
Lady *Aurelia Mammon* lives?

Pha. Yes sir, I can.

Alw. Pray do me the civility?

Pha. Have you
Affaires with her, my friend in black?

Alw. Have you
Relation to the Lady, Sir?

Pha.

Pha. She ownes me
A Gentleman-usher, with your pardon Sir,
Are not you inclining to a Scholar?

Alw. I have spent time ith Academy.

Pha. The Academy?
Another beggar,
I did think so by your serious face, your habit
Had almost cosened me, and your hair, they are
Of the more Court edition, this is
A beggar of the upper forme of Learning,
Your business with my Lady,

Alw. If you please
To prepare my access---

Pha. 'Tis to no purpose,
My Lady keeps no Library, no food
For booke-worms, I can assure you that.
Learning is dangerous in our Family.
She we' not keep a Secretary for fear
Of the infection.

Alw. Does she keep no foole?

Pha. Yes, yes, and knaves;

Alw. I thought so,

In which classe is your name, I beseech you?

Pha. We enjoy equal priviledges, indeed the knave
Makes somewhat more on's office, but my Lady
Is not so nice, so we can bring Certificates
That we are sound, and free from the infection
Of book's, or can lay down our understandings,
And part with that unnecessary stuffing
Ith head, (you know my meaning) or renounce
The impious use of humane art and knowledge,
We are in a capacity of imployment;
Perhaps you may, on these terms be admitted

With

Honorio and Mammon.

With your Philosophy, and things about you,
To keep her horse, de'e observe?

Alw. A faire preferment!

Pha. The fittest here for men of art, or if
You can keep counsell and negotiate handsomely
The amorous affair of flesh and blood;
(There you may exercise your parts of Rhetorique.)
How lies your learning that way? 'tis an office
Many grave persons have submitted to,
And found it a smooth path to court preferment,
But she is here, I'll leave you to your fortune.

Enter Aurelia Mammon.

Mam. With me, your business?

Alw. The Lady *Honorio*, Madam, by me humbly
Presents her service, and this paper to
Your Ladyship.

Mam. The Lady *Honour*? 'tis
Some borrowing letter.

Alw. This is not civill.

Mam. I am so haunted with this mendicant
Nobility at every ebbe of fortune,
I must be troubled with Epistles from e'm,
What's here? ---- you are a Scholar.

Alw. I have studied the artes,

Mam. Your Lady writes as much, and would
commend you
To my inplyment, but I want no Chaplain.

Alw. If you did, I cannot flatter, Madam.

Mam. I have known wiser men converted by
Preferment.

Alw. They were things that had no Soules,

Honoria and Mammon,

Or use of that bright Entelecheia
Which separates them from beasts.

Mam. I did expect

Hard words, and do commend the pure discretion
Of your most learned tribe, that think themselves
Brave fellowes, when they talk Greeke to a Lady;
Next to the *Goth* and *Vandall*, you shall carry
The bable from Mankind, pray tell your Lady,
Learning is out of fashion in my Family,

Alw. Why should you be an Enemy to Arts?
The Lamps we wast, and watches, that consume
Our strength in noble studies, are ill paid
With this disdain, your smile would make us happy,
And with your golden beame strike new day
Through learnings universe.

Mam. You but loose your time,
I know you are writing some prodigious volume
In praise of hunger, and immortall beggery.
This may in time advance you to a Pedant,
To whip the Town-top's, or gelded Vicaridge,
Some forty Markes *per annum*, and a Chamber-naid
Commended by your Patron.

Alw. Y^e are not worth
My anger, I should else ----

Mam. What my sweet Satyre?

Alw. Present your Ladyship with a glasse, a true
one,

Should turne you wild to see your owne deformity.

Mam. I pretheeraile, now for a storme ----

Alw. I wo^t not loose my temper on such a riddle.

Exit.

Enter

Honorio and Mammon.

Enter Fulbanke and Maslin.

Mam. But here are two come timely, to disperse
All cloudy thoughts, my diligent daily waiters.

Ful. Now Poetry be my speed! my noblest mistress.

Mam. What have you there, dear Mr. *Fulbanke*?

Ful. Lines, that are proud to express your beauty,
Madam.

Mam. Bless me! turn'd Poet? I must tell you
Servant,

Nothing in nature is more killing to me.

Ful. Umh! I see my Lady *Mammon* is no wit.

Do'e think I made e'm? I have an Estate, Madam.

Mam. I know you have fin'd for Alderman.

Ful. They were a foolish Scholars o'the Town,
And I made my address to be confirm'd
In your opinion, they were wretched things,
And like the starv'd composer. The nine Muses
I have read, Madam, in a Learned Author,
Were but a knot of travailing, tawny gipsies
That liv'd by country canting, and old Songs,
And picking wormes out of fooles fingers, which
Was palmistry forsooth, and for *Apollo*
Whom they call'd Father, a poor silly Piper,
That kep't a thatch'd house upon Cuckolds Hill,
Not far from *Helicon*, or old *Bridewell*,
Where he sold switches, till his hut was burn'd
One night by a tinkers nose, that lay in straw there;
And he, for losse of this poor tenement,
Ran mad, from whence came all the mighty stir,
Of that, which we now call Poetick fury.

Mam. 'Tis very likely.

Honorio and Mammon.

Mas. Madam, be your leave,
I am a country-man, what should a man lye for?
I ken no Colledge learning, but I have
Been whip'd for latin in my dayes, that have I;
And have heard talke of the Philosophers stone;
Although I weare not velver like his worship,
My heart's imbroyder'd with love, and I
Defie the man that thinkes me insufficient
To do, whats fitting to be done between
You and I Madam, as the best what lack you
Finical-fartical-citt within the walls.

Ful. Take heed how you provoke me.

Mas. I'll provoke any man living, in the way of
Loye.

Enter Phantasme.

Mam. Did all the Ladies sleep well?

Pha. Yes and their Monkeys Madam, and have all
Their severall thanks, and services remembred
To your Ladiship---but Madam----

Exit Mam. and Phant.

Ful. She has left us.

I'll find a time to make you sensible-----

Mas. Me sensible?

I defy thee.

Ful. Be not rampant, and thank Heaven
We are not arm'd.

Mas. I scorn it.

Ful. Dar'st thou meet me?

Mas. Yes, the next day after *Simon and Jude*
I dare, when all your liveries go a feasting
By water with your gally foist and pot-guns,
And Canvas Whales to *Westminster*; I am not

Affear'd

Affear'd of your green Robin-hoods, that fright
With fiery club your pitifull Spectators
That take pains to be stifled, and adore
The Wolves and Camels of your company.
Next whom the children ride, who innocent things,
What with the Gyants, and the Squibs and earing
Too many sugar-plumms, take occasion to
Perfume their Pageants, which your Senators
Ride after in full scent.

Ful. Thou horrid Lump
Of leather, course wooll, ignorance and husbandry,
Most pitifully compounded, thou that
Hast liv'd so long a dunghill, till the weeds
Had over-grown thee, and but ten yards off,
Cosen'd a horse that come to graze upon thee,
Thou miserable thing, that wert begot
By the whole Town, thou dar'st call no man Father,
Found in a hedge, but bred up in a stable,
Wherewith the horse thou did'st divide the bean's,
Dung like the beast, and wert as often carried.
Thus bred, at one and twenty thou wer't able
To write a legible Sheeps mark in tarre,
And read thy own capitall letter, like a gallows
In a Cows buttock.

Mas. Suffer this?

Ful. And more:
Fortune conspiring with thy own ill nature,
That durst be damn'd for Money, made thee rich,
And then the Countreys curses fatten'd thee,
Time, and thy sordid sins made thee at last
High-Constable, and now thou hast the impudence---

Mas. Thou liest.

Maslin strikes Fulbank
Enter

Honoria and Mammon.

Enter Phantasme with two Swords.

Pha. Fear not me Gentlemen, I am your friend,
A friend to both your honours; here, be noble.
You have a just cause, and a gallant Mistress
Persons of your quality, to fight thus
For bloody noses, too't like Gentlemen,
And draw blood handsomely, he that gets the victory
Shall ha my Lady, and a pardon, though
It cost her half a Million, so I leave you.
Here will I stay, and observe both their valours.

Ful. We are betrayd.

Obscures

Mas. I do not like these tooles.

Ful. It is not for my credit to be kill'd,
If he have but the courage to advance,
I am no Merchant-taylor of this World,
And yet he lookes le's rampant. Sirrah *Maslin---*

Mas. I were best deliver up my cold iron, here.

Ful. He does approach.

Mas. And yet I wo'not. *Fulbanke.*

I am of thy opinion, we are both
Betrayd; for my owne part, although I carry
No flesh that feares a sword; yet I do not
Affect to have devices put upon me.

Ful. Tis something thou hast said; this may be a
plot;

Some third man has projected by our ruines
To make his path smoothe to my Lady *Mammon*;
And thus her Squire promotes it.

Mas. A conspiracy!

I read it in the rascals face, too't quotha
Like Gentlemen? no, they sha' not laugh at me.

And

Honorio and Mammon.

And my Lady had a mind to ha my throat cut,
She shall excuse me.

Ful. To my wishes! but

I am not satisfied,

We can without some blood come off with honour,
You know th' affront was mine, and though I woud not
Have my revenge writ in too deep a crimson,
Yet something must be done, it will be publick,
And we may still be laugh'd at.

Mas. Thou saist right,

Things cannot well be clear'd without some blood.
I have consider'd, and you shall be satisfied,

Ful. So, I have made fine worke, the Bore will
fight now.

Mas. The credit of a wound will serve, thus
then----

Ful. Stay, I have a device will bring us both off.
Why may not we consent to give each other
A careless wound in the leg, or arme, and so
March off with honour?

Mas. This knack was in my very thoughts, 'tis
Ex'lent.

Ful. But since I nam'd it first, 'tis my invention,
And I will strike the first blow,

Mas. hang't, I pass not,
But gently then, a scratch ith arme, or hands
Enough, a small thing does it, gently, oh!
Thou hast cut of my Sword hand, this is fowle play,
I cannot hold my toole now.

Ful. But stoope to reach it,
I'll cut thy head off, Ith field we must
Use all advantages. This weapon's mine too.
Farewell, and say I have used thee honourably.

Enter

Enter Phantasmie.

Pha. Ha. ha. ha. are you hurt Sir?
 I see the Alderman has outwitted you.
 Let me see, ha? a scratch, a very scratch;
 Beare up, there may be wayes to your revenge,
 Leave not your applications to my Lady.
 He counsellis this, that will assist you ---- but
 I ever thought your habit much beneath
 The person that should court so great a Lady.
 It smells too much o'th reame, I know y'are rich.
 Aire, aire your gold, and make your body clinkant,
 The rest commit to fate, and me, consult
 Your Taylor.

Mas. And my Chirurgeon; Sir I thanke you.

Pha. You do not know, how I am contriving for
 you.

Mas. That very word has cur'd me. I'le about it,
Exit.

Pha. So, when thers no other mischief to be
 done,

Let them go on, and love my Lady *Mammon*;
 I'le assist one, in hope the t'other may
 Go hang himself, and then it will be hard
 To judge, which of the two has the better fortune.

Exit.

*Enter Honorio between Alamode and
 Collonell.*

Ala. Bless me but with one smile, if you did know
 With what devotion my Soul looks on you,

How

How next to my Religion I have plac'd,
(If not above it,) your diviner beauty----

Hon. Your name is *Alamode*, a Courtier.

Aba. 'Tis sweetned by *Honorio's* breath,

Col. I have

No stock of perfum'd words to court you, Madam,
Can you affect a man? A souldier?

When I have march'd upto a breach, which look'd
Like Hell with all his sulphurous flames about it;
My heart was fixt on honour, and I tooke
From gaping wounds the fleeting Soules about
me

Into my owne, and fought with all their spirits;
The mangled bodies that I trod upon,

(For now the dead had buried all the Earth)

Gave me addition to Heaven where, in /

My strong imagination I saw

Thee from thy Chariot dropping down a Garland.

Hon. You are a Colonel.

Col. I profess a souldier Madam.

Hon. It appears a bold one; art thou come *Alworth*.

Enter Alworth.

What said the Lady *Mammon*?

Aba. One that has some relation to her person;

They call him *Alworth*, and I have observ'd

She lookes on him with favour above a Servant,

He has not the impudence to court his Lady

Hon. So peremptory? what a strange monster wealth
is?

I have but made a tryall of her friendship,

And

And had no meaning thou should'st leave me
Alworth,

Depend upon my care, I know your parts;

And shall not be forgetfull of their merit.

But thou art come most seasonable to relieve me.

Ala. I do not like their whispering.

Alw. If you please, Madam, to absent your self,
Leave me to the excuse.

Hon. Do so, dear *Alworth.*

Alw. I am happy when you command me service.

Hon. Be confident, I keep a silent register of all,
And shall reward them.

Alw. Your own vertues guide you. *Exit Hon.*

Col. My Lady's gone.

Alw. But has commanded me to let you know
Her resolution, she hath found you both
Ambitious of honour, both deserving,
And such an equall furniture of merit,
She has no art to reconcile her thoughts
Into one fortunate choice.

Ala. 'Tis very strange.

Alw. The Gordian, which great *Alexander*
could not
By subtilty dissolve, his sword untwisted;
I use her own words, Gentlemen, you may
Inferre, that you must either quit your courtship,
Or by your selves agree, who best deserves her,
And dare do most to merit such a mistress.

Ala. How, best deserves hers

Col. And dare do most,

Alw. I should interpret this to fight for Honour.
But you can best expound, and so I leave you. *Exit.*
Col.

Col. What sayes my perfum'd *Alamode* to this?
Will not a sword quite spoile your fatten Doublet,
And let in too much aire? your lips and language
Bath'd in the oyle of *Gessamine* will not carry her,
You have worne a sword thus long, to shew the hilt;
Now let the blade appear.

Ala. It shall. I have yet
No ague, I can looke upon your buffe,
And punto beard, yet call for no strong-water,
I am no Tavern gull, that want protection,
Whom you with oathes do mortifie and sweare
Into the payment of your ten pound surfeits;
Upon whose credit you weare belt and feather,
Top and Top-gallant. Go to your Landab----
It'h new Brothell, she's a handsome leverett,
If she deny free quarter, tear her trinkets,
Make Cullice of the Matron, yet be friends
Before the Constable come in, and runne
Or'h ticket for the dear disease.

Col. Go on sir.
I will have patience three minutes longer,
To hear thy scurrile wit, and then correct it.

Ala. Answer but one coole question, if *Honoria*
Should possibly descend to think well of thee,
And by some philtre should be brought to love
thee.

What Jointure could we make, what's the *per annum*?

Col. Have you done yet?

Ala. 'Tis not impossible,
You may have a Catalogue of Town's and Leaguers,
The Names of Bridges broken down, your nose
In time may keep them company in Landschape:
You will tell of Bulworkes, Barricado, Fort's.

Of outworkes, half moones, spurres, and parrapets
 Of turnepikes, flankers, Cats and Counter-scarfs,
 These things will hardly pawn with Jew or Christian;
 But i'll come closer to you, you may have
 In ready wounds some twenty, i'll admir,
 And in diseases can assure her forty;
 This wo'not do, she cannot eate a knapsack,
 Or carry baggage, lye in your foule hutt,
 And roste the pullen, for whose pretious theft,
 You and the gibbet fear to be acquainted.
 If you return into your wholesome Countrey,
 Upon your honourable wooden legges,
 The houses of Correction have but thinn
 Accommodations, nor the Hospitalls.

Col. It does appear by all this impudence,
 And little wit pilfer'd, and put together,
 You do not know me.

Ala. Cry your mercie, Sir.
 You are a great Field-officer, are past
 These petty things, but if these times preserve
 Their smooth complexion, it wo'not be
 Ten hundred thousand pistols to a stiver,
 But you may run this gantlope once agen.

Col. You imagine you have stung me now, and
 that

I think my self concern'd in this keen character?
 I tell thee (wretched thing,) thou doest not reach
 A Souldier, 'tis a name, three Heavens above
 Thy Soule to understand, and 'twere a sin
 Would lessen our own worth, to make thee know
 You are a Courtier.

Ala. Very good.

Col. Nay rather.

A very impious one, you shall confesse it,
O: I will cut your throat, this is no canting.

Ala. Very fine.

Col. Nay we know you are a fine Gentleman,
A Taffata-sattin-plush-embroydered-
Lac'd-scarlet-tissue-cloath-a-bodkin devill;
Pride is thy meat and drink, thy Library,
And thy Religion, thy new clothes only
Bring thee to Church, where thou dost muster, all
The fashions, and the trinkets, to the last
New button, upon which thy conscience sits,
And as the devill guides it, dost condemne,
Or save the people, that done, not the window's
Scape thee, for thou woot quarrell with the pictures,
And find fault with the Apostles, for not having
A better Taylor, these Sir are your vertues,
Your high, and holiday devotions.
What moral vices follow in the weeke,
Is best known to the devill, your close friend,
That keeps the Catalogue, yet one touch of them;
Thy lust has no bounds, when thy blood's a fire,
Thou leap'st all like a Saryre, without difference
Of kindred, or acquaintance; and were those
But summon'd, whom thy body hath infected,
They would stufte an Hospital, and out-stinke the
Pest-house.

Ala. And yet I walke upon these poor supporters.

Col. How long the Chirurgeon knowes.

Ala. These all my faults?

Col. No, those are but thy Peccadillioes,
Thy malice is behind, thou woot ~~not~~ take a bribe
To undo a Nation, sell thy Countrey men
To as many persecutions, as the devill

Or Dutch men had invented at *Ambogna*;
With all this flock of villany, thou hast
An impudence-----

Ala. I'll heare no more,

Col. A little I'll intreat you, all is but
A preface to your beating, which must follow,
Your tribe will beare it.

Ala. Then have at you Sir.

They make a Pass

Col. Y^e are very nimble Courtier.

Ala. As you see.

Col. Good Mounfieur Quicksilver,
You may be fixt.

Ala. And your arrears be paid.

*Another Pass, Alamo
down and disarm'd.*

Col. What think you now?

Ala. It is your fortune Sir.

Col. Y^e are at my mercie, aske your life?

Ala. I scorne it.

Col. I'll kill you then.

Ala. A boy may do as much
At this advantage.

Col. Will you not aske your life?

Ala. No 'tis not worth it.

Col. And't be not worth your asking, 'tis no
Wonh

My taking at this posture, there's your weapon,
Rise, use it agen.

Ala. It shall be thus to render it.
Though I was not so base to beg my life;
Yet since you have given it me, I scorne to imploy
Against one that was the master on't.

Col. This is gallantry.

Ala. You taught it first. *women*

Col. In spite of all the ~~W~~ *W* ~~ill~~ *ill* ~~doers~~ *doers* in the World
We will be friends.

Ala. I meet it Colonel.

Col. And for the Lady ~~Mammon~~....

Ala. Wee'l take our chance.

Col. A match, now let us to th' Tavern. *and consider*

Exeunt.

C ACT

ACT. II.

Enter Fulbanke and Phantasme.

Pha. **I** Think I have brought your business well about, Sir.

Ful. Thou hast oblig'd me everlastingly:
Nay nay, be covered, thou art my best friend.

Pha. It was but Justice to advance your merit
With all the Rhetorick I had, for where
Inprudence, could my Lady *Mammon* place
Her self with more advantage to her fame?
A widdow of a thousand pound *per annum* Jointure,
With some few present bagges of musty Gold,
Old Plate, and hungry household-stuff would serve
The Countrey well enough.

Ful. Excellent *Phantasme*

Pha. Where the report of building a Free-schoole,
And now and then an alme-house for old women,
With five teeth and a half among sixteen,
Would make a mighty noise, and the poor hinds
Wonder, there's so much money left in nature.
The City is her only sphere of glory.

Ful. Right, very right.

Pha. Here My Lady *Mammon*.
(Yours now as things are ordered)

Ful. Good.

Pha.

Pha. May have high and noble waies to employ
her treasures.

Do things above the vulgar admiration,
Surround the City with a wall of Silver,
Transmute dull Leaden-hall to Gold, rebuild
The great Cathedrall of *St. Pauls* with Porphyrie
And clap so bright a spire upon't, shall make
The Sea-man afar off wonder what new
And never setting starre, Heaven hath created
To make the day eternall in this Island.

Ful. My own *Phantasme*.

Pha. There is no end, Sir, of her wealth, if you
Have but the patience to spend, you may
Out-do the Roman Luxuries.

Ful. I'll give thee my Gold-chain.

Pha. O'h no, it may do you better service, Sir;
'Bout your own neck hereafter; for all this
Infinite Treasure that she brings you, Sir,
What Joynure do you make her?
You are mortall.

Ful. I ha thought of that,
I will secure my whole Estate upon her?
Beside her own, I have no kindred, that
I care for, they are poor, and as my pride,
While I am living, will not look upon e'm,
At death, it will be wisdom to forget them.

Pha. It would endear my Lady much, if you
Surprize her with this act, before she think on't.
I would have you do things gallantly---

Ful. You shall
Give the direction to my Counsell;

Pha. His name.

Ful. A very honest able eminent person,

One Mr. *Traverse*, see it done your self.

Pha. My Lady will take it well, without all doubt, Sir.

Ful. But shall I engage your trouble---

Pha. 'Tis an honour;

I'll give him order to dispatch all presently.
He is a very honest man you say.

Ful. He's right, I know him *intus & in Cute.*

Pha. My Lady, Sir, leave things to me.

Enter Mammon.

Ful. My most divine *Aurelia*!

Mam. Dear Mr. *Fulbanke*,

I have no happiness but in your presence,
When shall the worke be perfect?

Ful. I was considering,
It would become the glory of my Bride,
To have some state, and triumph at our marriage,
I know the City will expect we should
Accept some entertainment, perhaps Pageants,
And speeches to congratulate our Nuptials.

Mam. 'Twill please me much.

Pha. There may be prejudice in these delay's,

Ful. Oh Sir, the state is all; what thinks your
Ladyship?

We will have tilting too, and feats of Chivalry
At Court, where I'll defend my *Aurelia Princess*,
In the guilt armour that I multered in,
And the rich saddle of my owne perfuming,
I'll have my squires, my plumes, and my devices,
And with my lance encounter the whole mirrour
Of Knight-hood, and compell the forreign Princes

To

To hang up all the Tables of their Mistresses
As Trophee's to my most victorious *Mammon*.

Pha. Without some cure he will be mad immediately.

*Enter Alamode, reading a Letter, a
Servant waits.*

Ala. Present my humblest service to *Honoria*,
Say I am all obedience to her commands,
Were I in Heaven, this invitation
Would have the power to draw me thence, I kiss
Her fairest hand, this for your favour,
gives him money.

Mr. Fulbanke,

Ful. Please you to know my Lady Sir?

Ala. If I mistake not the Lady *Aurelia*;
Widdow to the late high Treasurer, Sir
Omnipotent *Mammon*.

Salutes her?

But are you Master of this rich Peru?

Ful. She will please to owne me, ha?

Mam. It is but Justice.

Ala. A thousand streams of joy flow in your bosoms,

I'll take some fortunate hour to visit you,
And with an humble lip print my devotions
On your white hand.

Mam. You'll do me an honour sir.

Ala. Some high affairs compell this rude departure,

But you have mercy to excuse your servant. *Exit.*

Ful. VVhat heaps of words some men have got
together

To signifie nothing?

Pha. How do you like this Gentleman?

Ful. These Courtiers are another sort of flesh-flies,
That haunt our City dames, but we must winke,
Or loose our Charter?

Pha. Bless the Body Politick.

Enter Maslin in rich Cloths, but Antick.

Mas. By your leave Gentlemen.

Ful. VVhat Pageant's this?

Mas. VVhere De'e think I have been, Madam?

Mas. At the Brokers.

Mas. At the Exchange by these filke-stockings,
Mr. Usher----- a word to the wise,
If they will fit your rowling-pin, they'r paid for;
Perhaps the wages you receive in your
Relation to my Lady, wo'not find you
Convenient vanities. Now I'me for you Madam.

Mam. In good time.

Mas. I wanted but your hand,
I could ha fitted you with gloves, but here are
Some trifles for the finger, you must weare
This Diamond, and this Ruby,

Mam. De'e understand

VVhat you do sir?

Mas. And here's a casting Net of Pearl.

Mam. A Carkaner? these will deserve -----

Mas. Tell not me of desert, I hate it perfectly,
Hang toyes and yellow rubbish that paid for em,
How De'e like my clothes?

Ful. Sir I am concern'd to thank you for these fa-
vours.

Mas.

Mas. You? prethee away, I ha nothing to say to thee?

Ful. We have no other gratitude sweet-heart,
But to invite him to our wedding.

Mas. Wedding? *Phantasme.*

Pha. And you had come but half an hour
sooner,

This very shape had don't.

Mas. Do not, do not make me mad too soone.

Ful. You have been very bountifull, and we pray
Your noble presence at our Festivall,
Which we have deferr'd to be attended with
Some Triumph, such as may become the City,
And my dear Ladies honour, is't not so,
My America? look how the oyster gapes.
Leave him to chew his Countrey cud, come Madam.

Exeunt.

Pha. Sir I confesse.-----

Mas. And be hang'd, I am undone, and I could
cry now.

Pha. Sir,

You have been at a great charge to go without her,
Such rings, and Carknet, beside the cost
Of this fine habit? for your bounty, Sir,
Bestowed on me, the unworthiest of your Servants,
I have a gratitude, if you please to accept it.

Mas. What is't? a halter or a knife to cure me,
Or a comfortable poison?

Pha. 'Tis the first

You nam'd, a most convenient, neatly twisted
Halter, for I do see your inclinations,
And shall commend your fortitude, beside
'Twill shew a brave contempt upon their scorns.

And who know's, how the example, Sir, may spread
To cure some other mad men that love widdows.
You have my judgement and the cord for nothing,
Lose not the nick of the next beam you come at,
No way like this to be High-Constable.

Mas. Here, take my clothes; I will be mad, and
hang

My self immediately; ---- and yet I will consider,
Till the ayre be a little warmer; when I have
Cut *Fulbanks* throat, 'tis but a hanging afterwards.
'Tis good to be malicious, and wise;
Some notable revenge would be worth all
My cost, and then a *sico* for the Devill.

Exit.

Enter Alworth and Alamods;

Alw. Please you to have a little patience
I shall acquaint my Lady that y'are come, Sir.

Ala. Before you go, dear Sir, I know your prudence

And neere imployment with my Lady, has
Endeer'd you to partake some of her Counsellis;
You shall oblige a very humble Servant,
To let me know how she affects, you reach
My meaning, by what motive am I sent for?

Alw. My Lady keeps the key of her own Cabinet,
But if you'l have my Judgement on the scheme,
I think my Lady will this day determine
Her choice, I encline the rather to this Judgement,
Because the Colonell is sent for too.
My attendance is expected, Sir, your pardon.

Ala. Ha musick.

A song wthin praise of a Courtier.

I like this well

Enter

Enter Colonell and Alworth.

Alw. My Lady will appear presently,
I'll give her knowledge, if you please.

Col. Your favour, Sir,
You are learned beyond books, what's your opinion
Of my Lady, in relation to things at present?
What do you think of me?

Alw. My thoughts are much
Too narrow to conclude your worth, which left
An object for Divine *Honoriam's* wisdom,
Must only take from her, a worthy character
And just reward.

A song in praise of a Soldier.

Col. I like this preface.

Ala. My noble Colonell, thy Servant.

*Enter Honoriam attended, a Table set forth, with
a Cabinet upon it.*

Hon. Excuse the trouble that I give you Gentlemen,

Y'are welcome, and thus knit into a freindship,
Your persons have more grace, and shine upon e'm.
Some chairs, pray sit. I see you both preserve
Your fair respects to honour, and I have
After some pause, and serious dispute
Within my self, collected now at last,
Upon whose person to repose my self,
My fortune, and my fame, and since but one
(Where many may deserve) can weare the Gar-
land

The

The loſer muſt content himſelf with his fate,
And wait a kinder providence.

Col. 'Tis but Juſtice.

*She takes a wreath of
Bayes from the Cabinet.*

Hon. This wreath of bayes, embleme of victory,
Muſt crowne his head to whom I ſalt a Conqueſt,
Forgive the Ceremony.

Col. Oh 'tis very pleaſing,

Ala. I like it well, Madam, and commend your
fancy.

Hon. You, Sir, were bred up in the Schoole of ho-
nour,

The Court, this may not unbecome your Temples,
Wiſe Courtiers are the Jewels of a Crown,
The Columnes and the ornaments of ſtate,
Fitted with parts; and piety to act;
They ſerve the Power for Juſtice, not themſelves;
Their Faith the Cabiner, in which is laid
The Princes ſafety, and the Nations peace,
The Oracles, and the myſteries of Empire;
Men borne above the ſordid guilt of avarice,
Free as the mountain aire, and calme as mercy.
Borne without Eyes, when the poor man complains
Againſt the great oppreſſor, without hands,
To take the bloody price of mans undoing,
But keeping at each ſenſe a Court of Guard,
Draws fear from Love, and teaches good by example.

She puts the Wreath upon the Colonell.

Ala. Divine Honorio.

Hon. You muſt give me leave,

To try, how it becomes his brow; me thinks
VVith the same grace, it dwells upon his head,
Does he not look like mighty *Julius* now,
When he returned triumphant from the Gaules,
Or bringing home the wealthy spoiles of *Egypt*,
Pontus, and *Africa*? allow him but
The same commands, and men to fight, why may not
His Valour equall what is fam'd in story,
Archiev'd by the great souls of *Rome*, and *Carthage*?
A soldier merits first to be called man,
By whom not only Courts but Kingdoms flourish,
Unto whose severall offices, the VVorld
Owes all the great and glorious names of honour.
How would the age grow rusty, and the soule
Of Common-wealths corrupt with ease, and surfeits,
Should not the sword call e'm to exercise,
And sweat out their unmanly Luxuries,
By acting things worth envy, even of Princes.
The honour of the Gowne without his sword,
VVill run it self into contempt, and Laws
Are not good made, but while the sword secures e'm.
The Court must weare no filke, nor the prowd City
Make the Sea groane with burden of her wealth,
Did not the active soldier, with expence
Of his dear blood, expose himself abroad,
Their convoy, and security at home.

Col. I am transported.

Hon. Give me the same favour

To let me looke a little on this Chapler,
To which I have annexed my self a Labell.
Me thinks the Trifle looks, as it had lost
Some Verdure since I took it from your heads,
The Courtier, and the Soldier both inviting

In such a high degree of merit, hinders
The progress I should make, but pardon me,
I shall soone quit the Labarynth.

Col. What's the meaning?

Hon. I would you were not two, or that one had
Less of desert, when you are both in ballance,
Have you no art, Gentlemen, to contract
Your selves into one person?

Ala. 'Tis not possible.

Hon. Think you so? it is worth the experiment,
Come hither *Alworth.*

Alw. Madam.

Hon. Nay come nearer,
This is a Scholar, Gentlemen, and the cloud
He weares, remov'd, for he's no more a Servant,
May bring him into a civill competition:
Me thinks it fits him, your opinion?

Col. We are in a fair way to be ridiculous, what
think you?

Chiaus'd by a Scholar?

Ala. Are you in earnest Madam?

Hon. I repent not

The placing of it there, in him do meet
The Courtier and the Soldier, at least
He's not without the best capacity
Of both your worths, when they have brightest lustre.

Ala. There is no remedy.

Would I had *Mammon.*

Hon. Gentlemen stay, & hear the Scholars character.

Col. No thank you Madam, we have heard too
much.

Fortune has given you Lawrell, and us willow.
May your wreath flourish, Sir?

Exeunt.

Alw.

Ala. Soule of my muse! what active unknown
fire

Already dorth thy Delphick wreath inspire?
O'th suddain how my faculties swell high,
And I am all a powerfull Prophecie.
Sleep ye dull *Cæsars*, *Rome* will boast in vain
Your glorious Triumphs, one is in my brain
Great, as all theirs, and circled with thy bayes,
My thoughts take Empire ore all Land, and Seas:
Proof against all the Planets, and the stroke
Of Thunder, I rise up *Augustus* Oake,
Within my guard of *Lawrell*, and made free
From age, look fresh still, as my Daphnean tree:
My fancy's narrow yet, till I create
For thee another World, and in a state
As free as innocence, shame all Poets wit,
To climb no higher than *Elizium* yet;
Where the pale Lovers meer, and teach the groves
To sigh, and sing bold legends of their Loves.
We will have other flights, and tast such things
Are only fit for fainted Queens and Kings.
All that was Earth falls of, my spirits free,
I have nothing left now, but my Soule and thee.

Honorio takes off the Wreath

Hon. VVhat means this Extasie? this was not
meanr,
Unless you use my favours with less insolence,
I can repent, and frowne e'm back to nothing.
Have you forgot your distance? can a smile

And

And this green trifle forfeit your discretion;
Or make me less, than when you were my Servant;
I look you should be humble still,

Alw. Good Heaven!

What unexpected, most prodigious cloud,
With his black wings, hath in a minute veild
The brightest day, that ever smil'd upon me?
Did not you place it here?

Hon. It is confess,

As an encouragement to your vertue, Sir,
No Conquest of *Honoria*, yet you triumph,
And make me blush as I had courted you.

Al. O do not charge my thoughts with such a stain,
This might deserve your anger, and vouchsafe me
The boldness to say Madam, if you punish
My hasty application of your favours,
You gave me the encouragement to be guilty.
It is a tyranny to cherish Servants,
And punish their obedience.

Hon. But when flattered by
Pride, which darkes the soule, you challenge
And measure the reward by your own fancy,
You loose the noblest recompence of service,
And merit but the hire of common duties;
'Tis possible, that Gold may satisfie
My debt to your employment.

Alw. Till this minute
I was not lost, but having heard this, Madam,
You must do something like a miracle
To save me now;— I dare contemne your Gold,
And am compell'd to aske your Justice, what
Action since I had reference to honour,
Look'd with a mercenary staine upon it?

Gold

Gold is a pay for soules of darke complexion.
I served you for your self, and since I'm thought
Beneath the merit of your smile, I'll make
My self above the price of sordid contracts,
For I can with as much ease despise your wealth,
As I can shift the ayre, I take my leave,
And can pray for you in a Wilderness.

Hon. Come back, this minute every cloud is vanish'd
That did present displeasing formes: I find
Thy soule is pure, forgive this Triall, thou hast
Deserved me best.

Alw. I dare not understand you now.

Hon. The language is not hard.

Alw. I want a name, to call this blessing by,
Then I may kiss your hand, and may I not,
Madam approach your lip, and be forgiven?
Now I begin to doubt.

Hon. My Faith?

Alw. That I am not awake, or if I be
That I am short-liv'd, and must soone dissolve
Under this storme of happiness; ha? 'tis come
And I have lost my courage o' the suddain. *faints.*
Your pardon Madam, something gathers here
That wo'd surprize my heart. I am asham'd on't.

Enter Ser.

Hon. Who waits, contribute your best help to his
Support, convey him gently to his chamber,
Run for Physitians, thy good genius guard thee.

Alw. I am not Worth your fears.

Hon. And worth my love?

Alw. That very word should cure me,

Hon. I have been

Too much, I fear unkind, to both our dangers. *Exeunt.*

Act

ACT III.

Enter Traverſe and his Clarke.

Tra. **VV** Air at the door, my Clients are ſo
numerous

And preſſing with their ſuites, they almoſt ſtiſle
me.

Let me enjoy the aire of my owne Chamber;
I think I have loſt ſome lungs in the laſt cauſe,
Let me indulge a little to repair e'm,
A glaſs of the Greeke wine, Th' Italian Merchant
Preſented me, and let the Terme go on,
I'll drive the Law at leiſure, and o're take it.

Clarke fills Wine into the glaſſs.

So ſo, this looks ſprightly,
Be carefull of this Treafure, 'tis my blood,
VVaſt not one drop, upon thy life I charge thee.

Dafh drinks from the bottle.

Daf. **VV**aſt quothe?
You ſhall not prove a waſt, I'll warrant you.

Tra. So, ſo, remove.*Daf.* Sir your Idolaters, the Writs are come.*Enter.*

Enter Writs.

Tra. The weather's hot, let no more spirits enter,
Now like the soveraigne Bee, methinks I fit
In my prodigious hive, surveying all
My wing'd, industrious people, bringing honey,
And making wax more pretious than a trade
To both the *Indies*. My good Emissaries,
And faithfull spirits of the Law, descend
To your infernall shades, untill I call you,

Exeunt Writs.

Enter Dash.

Daf. A Gentleman desires to speak with you Sir,
From the Lady *Mammon*.

Tra. Admit him.

Enter Phantasme.

Daf. VVhat a fine thing this Terme is?
And what an ungodly time, the long Vacation?

Pha. Sir, I'l not hold you long, I know you have
business,

There have past some overtures of love and marriage,
Between your City Client, Mr. *Fulbank*,

And the Mistresse that I serve, the Lady *Mammon*.

And you should draw a Deed to settle on her
His whole Estate, if she survive, as Joynture----

Tra. I understand you Sir.

Pha. I am glad you do, this Sir is his desire,
And to have all dispatch'd with expedition.

D

Tra.

Tra. Very well.

Pha. But the reason of my coming is
To desire you sir, to let all this
Alone, there is another thing, that will
Concern you more materially.

Tra. Your meaning?

Pha. You are not married.

Tra. I enjoy a freedom.

Pha. My Lady *Mammon* has a vast Estate,
And is a widdow, you do understand?

Tra. Her name is precious to the VWorld.

Pha. The VWorld's an asse, you look like a wiseman,
You have a good face, and a handsome person
Under a Gowne, you have a good Estate too;
I am a Servant, that have credit with her,
By my relation; and I have no mind,
The City Mule, your Client, should breake
His back with burden of his gold; in short,
I wish you well, and if you have the confidence
To make a motion for your self, this high
And mighty widdow, may be yours; I'm plain.

Tra. Say you so?

Pha. I'll bring herto you, and prepare her too;
Have I been tedious sir,

Tra. My better Angell!

Pha. Legions attend my Lady, trouble not
Your head why all this kindness from a stranger.
I had a revelation to do thus;
Have a strong faith, and think upon't, your Servant.
If within half an hour she visit you,
Think it no dreame, and thank me afterwards,
Now leave your wonder, and be wise.

Tra. Can this be true? 'tis not impossible.

This

This is a pretty vision would I had her.
If she appear I may believe, and prosper.

Enter Maslin.

Daf. The tide is coming in,
Mr. Maslin the High-Constable, a good man
And full of causes.

Tra. What intrusion's this?

Maf. I have given a sop to *Cerberus* your door-keeper.

Tra. O^r *Mr. Maslin* you are become a stranger,

Maf. 'Tis not for want of love to be at Law.

Your worship knows, I am apt to trouble you,
And the whole County where I live.

Tra. Your business?

Maf. Sir, it is extraordinary, and I desire
Beside your learned worships fees, to pay
For expedition.

Tra. You speak reason.

Maf. I do abound in reason, look you Sir

Shews Gold

'Tis all of this complexion; here's a piece
For every day till the next Terme begin,
And two for every day it lasts.

Tra. Have a care of your health, good Sir;

Maf. And you of your spectacles.

Tar. What must I do for this?

Maf. Do? you must undoe
A friend of mine,

Tra. A Friend?

Maf. We are all friends in Law, Sir,
Never did man suffer so fast an injury,

And therefore take him to your legall malice?

Tra. Has he kill'd your Father?

Mas. VVorfe, worfe:

Tra. Made a whore of your sister?

Mas. VVorfe than that:

Tra. Ravish'd your wife?

Mas. VVorfe than all that, and yet this comes the neereſt,

Has cheated me of my wench; a widdow Sir
That has more money than all your profeſſion
Has got, ſince the diſſolution of the Abbeyes,
In ſhort, this is the Caſe, *Fulbanke*, the Ciry
Gulfe has ſwallowed my Lady *Aurelia*

Mammon.

Tra. O *Caniball*!

Mas. Devour'd my widdow, wife
That ſhould ha been, this man I hate, this man
Muſt be undone, and there's part of the money.

Tra. The Lady *Aurelia* *Mammon*?

Mas. That very Polcat; but I muſt tell you Sir,
They are not married yet, if you have now
A dainty Devill to forbid the banes-----

Tra. Although this be a caſe, more pertinent
To the Court Eccleſiaſtical, yet,
Let me conſult my Law-giver.

Turns his Books.

Mas. Sir, ſo I may
Be reveng'd, I ſtand not much upon't,
VWho has this *Mammon*, let the Devill take her,
Or your worſhip take her, 'tis all one to me.

Tra. Hum! I ſhall ſtretch a point of Law for you.
You

You shall have your desire, I do expect
Her presence instantly,

Maf. Is that a conjuring book, expect her instantly?

Jr. Now i'll pronounce you master of your wishes,
For you shall have ---

Maf. The widdow?

Tra. VVhat is sweeter than the widdow,
You Sir, shall have revenge, and Mr. *Maslin*
To vex him more, de'e observe I will have the widow,
My self.

Maf. You will, and what shall I have?

Tra. Sir, you shall have revenge, revenge, the joy
Of flesh and blood, life and delight of nature,
The poor mans Luxury, and the rich mans bath,
Above all wealth or widdows Sir. *Mr. Maslin*,
I'l tame his blood, and his Estate by Law,
VVhile you shall crack your spleen with mirth and
laughter,
And wonder at my subtile arts to vex him.

Maf. All this is reason.

Tra. This shall be done by Law for the High-Con-
stable.

Enter Mammon and Phantasme.

Maf. The Lady's come; this Gentleman
Has studied the black art.

Tra. Do you withdraw, and leave me opportunity
To wind the widdow up.

Maf. Behind the Hangings;

He obscures.

Phantasme Exit.

Tra.

Tra. Vouchsafe your Servant touch your hand,
your lip
Is an ambition more becoming Princes:

Mam. I am not proud, where fair salutes invite
me.

I come to give you a little trouble, Sir.

Tra. Madam command me, to the extent of all
My faculties.

Mos. His faculties? that will carry her,
She is a glittering fairye, but he'll conjure her.
Stay if he takes this prize, what shall I have
For all my expences! that's considerable;
Oh, I shall have revenge he says; the widdow
Were much the better, but we must be rul'd
By our learned Counsell.

Mam. You have order from
A Gentleman of the City, Mr. *Fulbanke*,
To draw up writings, sir-----

Tra. A Joynture Madam.
But I receiv'd a Countermand.

Mam. From whom?

Tra. From providence that would not suffer such
An excellent Lady to be lost, and thrown
Among the City rubbish.

Mam. Do you know Mr. *Fulbanke* Sir?

Tra. As much, as I do wonder at his impudence
And sawcy ambition with his mean deserts
To look at such a blessing; your fortunes
Are worth your preservation, and a man
Whose art, and serious knowledge in the V World
May fence it in from a rapine, and that greater
Enemy to an Estate, profusion.
Excuse my plainness Madam.

Mam. 'Tis a Truth.

Tra. Can you vouchsafe your smile upon a Ser-
vant,

To whose faith and care you safely may commit
A Treasure of more value than the World,
Your self; in me behold him Madam, one
That would devote his soule a Sacrifice
To be for ever burning in those beams,
There is no Law, but in your breast, your lips,
Preserve the Nations Oracle.

Mam. This Language
Doth tast too much of Poetry, take heed, Sir.

Tra. If this dislike you Madam, I can court you
In a more legall way, and in the name
Of Love and Law arrest you, thus

Embraces her.

Mam. Arrest me?

Tra. And hold you fast imprisoned in my arms,
Withour or baile or maineprize.

Mam. This does well.

Tra. I can do better yet, and put in such
A declaration, Madam, as shall startle
Your merriest blood

Mam. I may put in my answer.

Tra. Then comes my replication, to which
You may rejoyne, *Curat Lex.* shall we?
Joyne issue presently?

Mam. He'll have her *se defendendo.*

Enter

*Enter Phantasme and Fulbanke.**Pha.* What do you think of this, Sir?*Ful.* They are very familiar.*Mas.* 'Tis he, the very he, come as my heart
Could wish to his vexation.*Pha.* Is this the honest Gentleman
You trusted, Sir;*Tra.* Who attends?*Enter the Writs.**Ful.* My passion stifles me.*Mas.* Are you comeMy delicate; Devills cut in way? let him not
Approach too near, he can take measure
Of his forehead at this distance.*Pha.* These were my fears, marriage had made sure
I was against your stay for tilts, and triumphs.*Mam.* 'Tis Mr. *Fulbanke*.*Ful.* Would any strumpet vex an honest man thus?*Mam.* Strumpet; you shall have fuell to this jea-
lousie.*Mas.* Excellent Pidgeons! admirable Spiders! ha,
ha, ha.*Ful.* I'll be revenged.*Tra.* *Curat Lex.**Pha.* Excuse me, Sir, I must follow the Law,*Exeunt.**The Writs enclose Fulbanke.**Mas.*

Maf. Joy Mr. *Fulbanke*, and a whole bundle of babies. ha, ha, ha.

Your wedding day was notably deferr'd
To be attended with more Ceremony,
And such an antimasque of sucking Devills.
He looks like the py'd Piper in *Germany*,
That undertook to cure the Town of Rats,
And now the fry of *Vermis* dance about him.
I am left to chew my Countrey cud, an asse,
A ridden-empty-pated-fordid Coxcomb:
You do command in chief o're Cuckolds sconce
Or Haven, to which all the Tups strike faile,
And bow in homage to your Sovereigne *Anders*,
Most high and mighty halfe moon, Prince of *Becos*.
And so I kiss your hoof.

Exeunt Maslin and Writs.

Ful. Well; if there be money and malice in the
City,
Expect a black revenge upon ye all.

Exit.

Enter Phantasme.

Pha. My nimble Lawyer thinks he has got my
Lady,
And hugges his happiness, my next worke shall be
To spoile his practice, mischief is my office.

Enter.

*Enter Alamode.*Most noble *Alamode*,*Ala.* My old acquaintance?*Pha.* I am proud that you will owne me, Sir, your Creature.*Ala.* When is this day of Triumph in the City.
For high and mighty *Fulbanke*, and your Ladies
So much expected marriage?*Pha.* At the Greeke Calends;
My Lady's has left the Alderman allready.
He may now change his Heraldry, and give
In's coat an armed beast at the new bull-ring
In a field dirt.*Ala.* whether is she gone prethee?*Pha.* To Travers sir, who has yet no Terme for
life.Your hopes thrive I guess in the fair *Honorin*.*Ala.* She's a haggard too.*Pha.* Possible?*Ala.* She has gull'd us learnedly,
And took the Scholar, in few months you'll heare
Her brought to bed of Philosophy, she's gone,
And I may as soone hope to retrieve thy Lady,*Pha.* My Lady? with your pardon, gentle sir,
Can you find in your self any warme thought,
Or meaning to my Lady?*Ala.* Could I wish
To live, and look at happiness?*Pha.* You have been a noble Patron to me.*Ala.* What canst thou do?*Pha.*

Pha. Do, I can do the office of a Gentleman,
And you shall go your part, and perhaps owner.

Ala. Make me so happy.

Pha. I'll conduct you,
You come i'th opportunity.

Exeunt.

Enter Travers.

Tra. My starres conspire to make me a full happiness,

Since, fame spread my intended marriage
With Lady *Mammon*, methinks the people
Look on me with another face of feare,
And admiration, in my thoughts I see
My self already in the Throne of Law,
On which the petty purples waite, dispersing
As I incline to frowne, or smile, the fate
Of trembling mortalls,

Enter Phantasme.

Pha. He is return'd.

Tra. Where is thy Lady, thou art (I observe) her
favourite.

And must be mine;

Pha. She's in her Chamber sir:

Tra. Come I will have it so, thou art too humble,

Pha. 'Tis a becoming Dury. My ambition
Will be to observe the wonder of your happiness,
And how you'll rise to greatness, and to glory,
By matching with my Lady,

Tra. You are not

A stranger to her closet, it will be

An engagement to acquaint me with her temper.

Pha. She is a woman, Sir, but you are wise.

Tra. Nay, nay, I must know her nature.

Pha. 'Tis very gentle, she is angel Gold,
And you may bend her as you please, she is
A teeming Lady too.

Tra. What Children?

Pha. All provided for, they'll not trouble you,
She has a thousand friends.

Tra. Thou art kind, proceed----

Pha. You are a Gentleman,
Whose wisdom I may trust, I should not use
This freedom else.

Tra. Thou must tell me any thing.

Pha. She loves to be abroad, and to disperse
Her shine upon some persons that adore her,
That's all her fault, she wo't not be confin'd, Sir;
And how the softness of your nature will
Consent, to keep her under lock and key----

Tra. Umh! if she be so volatile, I must
Hang weight upon her, 'twill be necessary.

Enter a Doctor.

Retain thy wisdom and observe my Lady,

Pha. It is my duty, Sir.

Tra. My noble Client.

Doc. I ha not leisure to aske how go causes.

Tra. Yours will be heard, the first day of the
Term.

Doc. I build upon your care.

Tra. You may be confident,
Neglect my Doctor, to whose care, and art

I owe my lungs, and life?

Doc. Oh you are pleasant,
But I am now engag'd, and shall desire

I may be excus'd, you know my Lady *Honorio*:

Tra. She is not sick.

Doc. No, but a Gentleman
Whom she declares most precious to her, is,

(I'th height of expectation, and fair hopes

To have been her husband,) desperately false Sick,

And now I think on't, 'tis my wonder, you

Made no addressees timely to that Lady.

Men that are eminent in Law, are wont

To be ambitious of Honour.

Tra. Oh Sir

It is a maxime in our poliricks,

A Judge destroyes a mighty practiser.

When they grow rich, and lazie, they are ripe

For honour.

Doc. You have Sir a swelling fortune.

Tra. I have *Mammon*, I think, and for my owne
part

Can easily consent to accept of Lordship.

Doc. If this man take the roye, and dye, she's worth

Your thoughts, my learned in the Laws, I wish

Sir I could serve you.

Tra. Nay, nay prethee Doctor.

Doc. The Gentleman may suffer,

Tra. If he dye,

You and I shall be friends, i'll not engage you

To poison him.

Doc. You have more justice.

Tra. Yet I should not breake my heart, if he were
dead,

And

And the faire Lady mine, I know not, but
 This very mention of her, at this nick
 Of time, when her delight is taking leave,
 Hath a strange operation in my fancy:
 You know my constitution, I may want
 Your ay'd, but honourably.

Doc. You shall command it.

Tra. Then i'l to her instantly, and beare you company.

Doc. You can pretend no visit, being a stranger.

Tra. No, I will go under the notion of
 Your friend, and fellow Doctor, one o'th Colledge.

Doc. You may do so.

Tra. I need not shift my habit.

Doc. And what then?

Tra. Observe, and see the Motions of my Lady,
 Who knows but I may feel her pulse? I prophetic
 Something will follow fortunate. If I thrive
 Thou shalt be King of *Cos*, my learn'd *Hippocrates*
 And I will be thy Servant.

Doc. 'Tis too early to court her!

Tra. 'Tis a fault of modesty
 In men to think so. Women are no fools,
 And howsoe're they bridle it, 'tis providence
 'T entertain new comforts, I have heard
 A modest Gentleman say, that made his love
 Known to a Lady e're her husbands flesh
 Vvas cold i'th crust, I meane new comfort up,
 But he had a repulse, the answer was
 He came too late, the widdow had been promis'd
 The day before.

Doc. If you be so resolv'd,
 I'll waite upon you, Sir:

Tra.

Tr. The rest to my kind starres, come wee'l take
Coach.

Exit.

Enter Mammon Alarmed and Phantasme.

Mam. Presume to lock me up? thou ha'st my Jew-
ells.

I'll leave him instantly.

Ala. He fears his tenure,
And would secure your Ladyship from starting,
But this doth very well become your prudence,
To quit the house ere he improve his interest,
By some new quirk in Law.

Pha. A noble Gentleman!
And one that honours you religiously.

Mam. You much oblige me sir, and I look on
you
Design'd by providence my preserver; wee'll
into r'h Countrey instantly.

Ala. Any whether, excellent *Phantasme*!
I am your Servant Madam, to wait on you
Through the VWorld.

Pha. I was borne to make you-
A foole, or I am mistaken.

Enter Dash.

This is his Clarke, and spie upon your person.

Ala. How the rascall squints upon us?

Mam. Tell Mr. Travers,
The Bird is flowne, commend me to his night-cap,
I shanot see him till the next vacation,

Se

So farewell penny a sheet.

Ala. And dost heare? bid him
Provide new locks and keys, and barres and bolts;
And cap the Chimney, least my Lady fly
Out at the Lover hole, so commend us to
The precious owle your Master.

They kick Dasha.

Pha. One token from me.

Exeunt.

Daf. You have trusted me with tokens of remembrance,

I would my Master had received them in
His *propria persona*, to have thank'd you.
Their toes are somewhat harder than my haunches;
But this is nothing to the generall damage,
If our great Lady *Mammon* be run from us;
VWhich I believe, as sure, as I am waking,
And have been kick'd, the most convincing argument.

All our hopes come to this? our mighty hopes
Huge as a Mountain, shrunk into a wart?
VVe are undone, and may go hang our selves.

Exe.

Enter Honoria.

Hon. I was too blame, my curiosity
Now suffers for the Triall of his vertue;
And he too apprehensive, when I chid
The Ambition of his love, made himself past
The cure of my affection.

Enter.

Enter Doctor and Travers.

Sir, you are welcome:

Doc. Madam, I presum'd
To bring another able Doctor with me
For his consult, in case there may be danger.

Hon. You have very much oblig'd me.

Tra. She is a very gallant Lady!
Inspight of all the clouds that dwell upon her.

Hon. VWho waits there? shew these Doctors *Ms*
Alworths

Chamber, there is another Gentleman within
Of your profession; your cares shall find
A gratitude becoming both my self,
And your owne worth, and I may tell you Doctor;
If it may give the least addition to
Your Cheerfulness, in his you will preserve my
life.

Doct. Madam, retain but your own vertue, and be
confident.

Hon. Poor *Alworth*, there is left no other way
To pay my satisfaction to thy merits;
But with my sorrow for thy sufferings;
And what will be thought pious to thy memory;
If Fate translate thee hence: ha, he is returned.

Enter Travers.

What think you Sir?

Tra. I wish he could sleep Madam, I am for his
sleep,
It would be a benefit, truth is, I much fear him.

E

But

But 'tis not prudence (give me boldness Madam)
 To let this Sorrow play too much a Tyrant .
 On your fair cheek: This shews him precious to
 you,

If the Stars envying his converse on Earth,
 Court him to their bright Dwellings, you must be
 Arm'd with a noble Fortitude, and consent
 To let him rise a Constellation there,
 And not impair your self, who were not meant
 To be snatch'd hence, by over-hasty sorrow,
 But live the worlds best Ornament.

Hon. Did you say
 That sleep would much advantage him? What think
 you

Of some soft murmurs of the Lute, or Voyce?
 I have heard the purlings of a spring will make
 Our senses glide into a dream I have a Page did use
 To please him much.

Ex. Hon.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. What think you on her?

Tra. I think? I cannot think too much upon her.
 But I'll not leave her thus, her very presence
 Is able to recover him.

Doct. Let me tell you Sir,
 I finde no Danger in him, be then counsel'd
 Not to betray your self, you finde his temper
 Not apt for your design, Expect a time—

Tra. I love her infinitely. *Mammon* is a Blouze,
 A deformed Gypsie, didst ere see her Doctor?
 She paints abominably, ey'd like a Tumbler,

Her

Honoria and Mammon.

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Her Nose has all the colours of the Rainbow,
Her Lips are blue, and her teeth straddle; you
May pick 'em with a bed-staff.

Doct. You describe
An Elegant person:

Tra. But *Honoria*
Has all perfections. Stay, what fees de'e think
I have had of you since our acquaintance, there's
A purse of gold---no ceremony, I am still
In thy arrears for bringing me to see
This wonder of her sex.

Doct. You are not wilde.

Tra. Your cause shall cost you nothing too, that
ended,
Quarrel with all the Countrey, your Law's paid
for.
Serve me but now, I'll be thy slave for ever.

Exit.

Doct. I now suspect the Lawyer is short liv'd,
Men of his Robe are seldom guilty of
These restitutions, but who can help it?
If I knew any handsome way to serve him,
He has oblig'd me.

Exit.

Musick, a Song.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. He'll shame us all,
He's zealously perswading the poor Gentleman
To dye with all speed, and tells him stories
Of Heaven, what a fine place it is, and what

Excellent company the Angels are ;
 What a base Prison to a noble Soul
 The world is, nothing right under the Moon,
 Or worth a manly thought ; and presently
 He courts my Lady, and falls into such raptures
 In her commendation. The Gentleman
 (Whose Crisis is not desperate, if I
 Have any Judgement) smiles at his folly.
 They'r both here,

Enter Traverse and Honorio.

Tra. He's a Gentleman, whose condition,
 And as he has relation to your favours,
 May invite some passion: But you are wiser
 Than to condemn your self to solitude,
 And for his absence to despise mankind ;
 Be just for your own sake, and Madam, look
 Beyond his Hearse, with pity on the living.
 'Mongst which, you cannot want, as just admirers,
 And some that may be worth your second thoughts.

Hon. What mean you Sir?

Tra. I mean your second choice.

Hon. This language makes your Charity suspected.

Doct. You are too violent, leave us a while.

Ex. Tr.

Hon. Your friend is full of counsel.

Doct. You have goodnes,

To place an innocent sense upon his language,
 I know he has much honour to your person,
 And 'tis sometimes as necessary, to
 Advise the living to preserve their health,
 Which their immoderate sorrows would consume,
 As cure the languishing patient.

Enter

Enter Travers hastily.

Tra. Now Madam,
Your grief is useless to him, he is dead.

Hon. Dead?

Doct. She Faints.

Tra. A blessed Opportunity!
There is a Coach at door will hold us all,
My dearest Esculapian, help, and finde
A bounty will deserve it,

They carry in Honorio.

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ACT

ACT IV.

Enter Travers.

Tra. I Have secur'd the person of *Honoris*,
At my Mannor in the Countrey, who
believes

Her *Alworth* dead, and must be allowed some time
For that digestion. I have made known
My self, and the affection which engag'd me.
But though my Lady *Mammon* have a place
Beneath her in my thoughts; on better counsel,
I think it wisdom to preserve my interest
In her, already mine by her consent,
And the great plea of Law, Possession.
If I can make the Lady *Honoris* sure,
She shall be my wife, and that my Concubine,
Rare, Excellent!

Enter Dash.

Dash. Oh Sir, y'are welcome home.

Tra. Thou look'st with a warp'd face.

Dash. You can resolve me,
Is there no case, wherein a man, without
Impeachment to his Credit or his Conscience,
May be allowed to hang himself?

Tra.

Tra. What's the matter?
Thou art not desperate?

Das. I know not, but
I finde some inclinations to Hemp.
You are my Master, I may be concern'd
To follow a good example.

Tra. Leave your fooling,
How does my Lady *Mammon*?

Da. There's the business.
My Lady *Mammon* is Sir---

Tra. What, what is she?

Das. She is my Lady *Mammon*, yet I lye,
She is not mine, I would she were your *Worships*,
I know you will be mad, but it must out,
My Ladies gone.

Tra. Ha?

Das. Run quite away Sir,
With a glib Gentleman came to visit her,
And the young spirit that did wait upon her.
Without much ceremony, she would have your
Worship

Provide more locks, and keys, and bars, and bolts.
I tell you Sir, Verbatim, for a need
I have it all in pedescript.

Tra. *Mammon* gone?

Das. What think you Sir, of a *ne Exent Reg-
num*?

Tra. Gone? my vexation? no pursuit will reach
her,

Give her the start, and she'll out-strip the Devil.
These things will turn me wild, but that's no cure,
I must be a man agen, and tame this passion,
Her loss may have recompence, if *Honorina*

Can yet be gain'd, my hopes are full of blossom,
I'll return instantly, come you along Sir.

Enter Men carrying burthens of Money.

What are these? ha? 'tis money, whence I pray
Comes all this Treasure?

1. From the City Sir.

Tra. But whither goes it?

1. Do you not observe

Us march in rank and file; this money goes

To maintain many honest Gentlemen

That want it, that will fight, and do fine things

For all our goods; you are a fool I see;

And do not know the Law.

Tra. What Law?

1. Club Law.

Tra. How's that?

1. The Cannon Law, do I speak loud enough?
The Gentlemen behinde will tell you more.

*Enter Fulbank and Citizens, other men waiting with
Bags of money.*

Tra. I like not this: let us to horse immediately.

Exit.

Ful. 'Tis high time, that we tame the insolence,
Of this long Robe, these Princes of the Law
Will invade all our Liberties and Fortunes.

1. *Cit.* Presume to take our Lady *Mammon*
from us?

Ful. And as I hear, she's closely hurried

To

To a Castle in the Countrey, made a Prisoner.

2. *Cit.* I should consent the City be still great,
And our names spread, like our ambitions,
But we not prudently consider, whom
We trust with our revenge---

Ful. Our Mercenaries,
Who findes 'em buff, and iron, and when they
Come lame and halting home, who shall provide
'em

Good Hospitals, and old shirts to make lint on?
When we please, we can scatter all the Regiments,
If we but rein our purses.

1. *Cit.* I am clear

There is no other way to carry on
The work, the sword strikes. Terroure, and who
knows,

The body of the Law being vast, and powerful,
Might (if not timely thus prevented) raise
Considerable strength and opposition.

But thus we stifle all, and having once
Recovered *Mammon*, we are Princes.

Omnes, Princes!

Enter Colonel, and Captain Squanderbag:

Squ. Where shall we dine Colonel? I ha lost
My credit at the Ordinary, this Town
I think is onely scituate to starve in.
What are these?

Col. They have City faces.

Squa. And are a thought too handsome to be Ser-
jeants,

They have serious eyes upon us, and move to us.

Col.

Col. Would you with me Gentlemen?

Fpl. Yes Sir, with you.

2 Cit. May I take boldness Sir, to ask your name?

Squa. My name?

2 Cit. For no harm Sir, you are a Souldier,
And I presume have had commands.

Squa. What then Sir, keep off.

2 Cit. I come in friendship, and mean all
Civilities to your person: De'e want money?

Squ. Would you have your pate broke?

For such a foolish question to a Gentleman?

I do want money Sir, you wo'not furnish me.

2 Cit. Do not mistake your self, come hither
firrah,

VWill this do you much harm?

Squ. Harm! pray be covered. Miracles! De'e
know

VWhat you have done?

2 Cit. An act of Justice,

To call it Charity, would stain your honour,
I look for no security.

Squa. Not a note under my hand never to pay you,

VWhat must I do for all this Sir? whose throat

VWould you have cut now? these fine Devils

Must do something.

2 Cit. Buy you new cloathes, a better sword,

The Leather of your boots are of two families,

You may want linnen too, get fresh, and part

VWith bosom friends.

Squa. I have more stowage.

2 Cit. And I'll employ it, at your service Sir,

*He gives him another
bag.*

Squa.

Squa. VVhat will become of me?

2 Cit. Nay Sir, I must tell you,
Y'are like to have more of this.

Squa. Has he no cloven foot?
This is the rarest Citizen!

Enter Colonel, Fulbank.

2 Cit. De'e hear Sir?

VVe are making of our VVill, and in the humour
That now predominates, that Gentleman
May be the Citie's heir.

Squa. VVere it not pity this should be a dream
now?

Ful. You have commission, and full instructions,

Be sure you do not pinch to spare our purses,
Our Money grows, we are fain to weed the silver,
Our men are rank, and rot upon the stalk
For want of cutting, every drum-stick is
A Lime-twigg, they are mad for innovations;
Pray know my brother Sir.

Salute

Col. I am his faithful servant.

2 Cit. One of the Birds, that keep the Capitol,
Our feathers are all at your service Gentlemen,
VVhen you have pluck'd and pick'd us well, you
may

Give order for our roasting, we are tame Sir.

Squa. Beshrew me an understanding fellow.

Ful. VVe have no more to say, 'tis the Publique
cause,

Bring *Mammon* home, and we will rout the Laws.

1 Cit.

Cit. And so we'll pray for you.

Col. For your selves Gentlemen, I do conceive
VVe shall do well enough.

Exeunt F. & Ci.

Captain Squanderbag,

VVhat think you of this change? silver comes in
Upon us like a Sea.

Squa. An ebb must be expected, I hate naturally
This mettall of the Moon, 'tis a pale flood,
VVould I were in *Pactolus* streams, or *Tagus*,
There were a lasting Element.

Col. VVhat do you
Think of these Golden Images?

Squa. I honour the bright ions of *Sol.*

Col. Pity these Gentlemen should want Civil
VVar,

They take such pains, and pay so heartily,
VVe have much to do o'th sudden.

Squa. This long peace
Hath made us tame i'th world, let e'm now pay
sort.

Col. VVe are emergent from our shades, let's
rise.

VVith subtil motion, treasure makes men wise.

Exeunt.

Enter Phantasm, Masl'n, Contrey-men.

Phan. She has gull'd the Lawyer too.

Masl. Most excellent,
I do adore her wit, and will she visit
The Couutrey, ha? come neerer,

Phan. I have repented Sir, my past neglect,

And

And made this satisfaction by my Counsel,
VVhich has prevail'd, and now she comes to you
Sir,

VVith pure affection to your self, the Lady
Mammon is onely yours.

Mas. Did you hear that?
The Empress of the world is coming hither
To me, with pure affection to my person,
We are her Vassals.

Phan. 'Cause the times are dangerous
Sir, she comes private, but one Gentleman
That knows not her design, I ever thought
You were born to be a great man.

Mas. We'll go forth to meet her.

Phan. By no means Sir, 'twas her desire,
You should be onely thus prepar'd, I'll tell her.

Exit. Phan.

Mas. 'Tis my happiness,
Shall I be at last a *Dominus fac totum*?
There's Latin for you Neighbours, I am inspir'd
With Languages, with all things, and you shall.
The poorest Copiholder of my Tenants
Be allow'd a Concubine.

1. Whaw! then we shall
Be Turks Sir.

Mas. Turks? the Turks a Civil Gentleman.

2. But no Christiam.

Mas. Ye'e are a fool, we
Must all come to't if the times hold, and my
Deer *Mammon* stay with us.

3. Bless me a Turk!

4. Is that such a matter; why you, and I,
And the best on us, are but Turks, if you

Take

Take us one way.

1. I grant, as we are brethren, and *Presb*
Turks, another way, and worse—

Mas. Let me see, how shall I consume my
wealth?

1. VVhat think you of building Sir a Church?

Mas. A Church? and give it my own name to
save

A Consecration, No, no, I must do
Something to shame the Chronicles---silence,
I'll build another Town in every County,
In midst of that, a most magnificent Colledge,
To entertain men of most eminent wit,
To invent new Religions.

1. That were excellent, we want Religion
extreamly.

Mas. Can none of you invent? I think I must
Keep men in pension to project me ways
To spend my gold.

2. Pave all the high-way with't,
'Twould be excellent for Travellers.

Mas. I'll pave a street, that shall run cross the
Island,
From Sea to Sea, with Pearl build a bridge
From *Dover* Cliff to *Callis*.

1. A Draw-bridge?

4. This may be done, but I am of opinion
VVe shan't live to see't.

Mas. 'Twon't be want of money, but of time,
Meer time, to finish it; my Lady *Mammen*,
Believe it, can do all things; for your parts,
But think what you would have, I say no more:
If she smile but upon you, you are made,

And

And may go sleep, and when you wake, run
mad
VVith telling of your money---ha? 'tis she.

Enter Mammon, Alameda and Phantasm.

I Charge you kneel, and kiss her hand,
My Lady *Mammon*!

Ala. How's this?

Mas. VVelcome to my heart, Madam.

Al. Is my Lady in earnest?

Mam. You have done me Sir a favour, I'm at
home,

And disengage your further service; I
VVish you a fair retreat.

Ala. Do you hear Madam?

You will not thus reward me, after all
My travel and attendance?

Mam. 'Tis my meaning,
Nor will it Sir, be safe to lose much time,
These have a natural antipathy
To men of your fine making.

Phan. 'Tis *Alameda* the Courtier,
VVhom my Lady has onely made her property,
To be part of her convoy.

Ala. You wo'not marry him?

Mam. I think I sha'll not,
I must not be confin'd, while there is ayr,
And men to change.

Mas. How Master Courtier?

Phan. They'l toss him in a blanket.

Mas. As long as you please Madam, he's wel-
come,

And

And he shall eat, if you frown, he must vanish;
 Or I have Canibals that will devour him;
 With his sword, boots treble tann'd, and spurs up
 on 'em.

Ala. Sure I dream, but Madam
 You wo't not play the Cockatrice thus wo'me.

Mam. If you will stay, upon your good beha-
 viour;

I may dispense some private favour—

Ala. Good, excellent VVhore, I'll stay to observe
 her humor.

Maf. I'll be your guide Madam,
 On, go before, and bid 'm ring the bells,
 For bonfires, 'twill be time enough at night
 To burn up all the Villages about us.

Ala. Indeed it shall be yours: Sir, you are too
 civil.

Exeunt.

Enter Travers, and Dash the Clerk

Tra. Intreat my Lady hither, and attend her,
 I did embrace too much, *Mammon* is lost,
 If my stars prosper my ambition
 To *Honoria*, I forgive their future influence.

*A Discovery of Treasures and
 Jewels.*

Here is a blaze to melt a frozen soul.

Enter

Enter Honorio.

Hon. VVhat is my Jaylors pleasure with his Prisoner?

Tra. That character doth wound your servant, Madam,

I am your Prisoner, by the fate of Love,
Condemnd to everlasting chains, my heart
Consumes at every frown, and I beg now
Not to be happy owner of that beauty,
Since you decree my Exile, but to dye;
Collect up so much terrour in a look,
And from that Throne of Majestie, your eyes,
Dart forth a flame of wrath so high, it may
Turn me to ashes, I'll submit your Sacrifice.

Hon. I have no thoughts so impious, to destroy
A life that may be happy, if you be not
Your own Tormenter.

Tra. Those words have a sound of mercy, Madam.

Hon. Cruelty and honour
Are inconsistent.

Tra. I taste Heaven,
Already, a warm stream descends upon
My timorous heart; Oh pause, let me consider
How much I am behinde in worth, to know
VVhat change hath blest it.

Hon. Change?

Tra. Let me but touch
Your white hand, were my breath the Treasure
Of all the East, no other Altar should

F

Have

Have Incense, I am lost to finde the sweetness.

Salutes her.

For every smile I drop a Pearl, these Diamonds
Are pale, and beg a lustre from your Eyes,
V Vear them, and be their ornament: I'll rife
My Indies for more wealth, and when I have,
With giving up my soul, purchas'd a kiss
Of bright *Honoriz*, from my dust at one,
One pitying look upon me, I ascend
A new Creation from your Eye.

Hon. What means

This rapture? what would all this passionate noise?
Expound, I am still *Honoriz*.

Tra. Oh say but mine.

Hon. Sir, shut up your shop,
Your gay temptations wo'not take.

Tra. Is't possible?

Not all this treasure buy one kiss?

Hon. A thousand,

From those that have a subtil art to sell them:
Why do you trifle with your soul? Intents
That carry honour, need not bribe with wealth
To purchase nothing.

Tra. I can love you vertuously.

Hon. By that love be commanded then, to tell
me

How have you dispos'd of *Alworths* dust, why
was I

Surpris'd dishonourably, and transported
Against my own thoughts and consent, to this
Unhappy place? and immur'd up like
Some guilty person, not allow'd the freedom
Of ayre, nor to see heaven at all, but from

The

The narrow limits of a Cazement? can you
Interpret this affection? 'tis tyrannie,
That must without a penitence, draw from heaven
A justice, and from me (by you made miserable)
A just contempt of all your flatteries.

Tra. There are some men i'th world, that would
not think
You handsom in that look, and make you tremble.

Hon. You dare not be so impious.

Tra. When my love,
That courts you honourably is scorn'd, I can
Be angry, had I wanton thoughts about me,
As some may mix with flesh and blood, you are
Within my power.

Hon. That power is circumscrib'd,
You have confin'd already this poor weight
Of Dust I carry, but if blacker thoughts
Tempt you to force my honour, I can call
Rescue from heaven.

Tra. What needs this bravery? you see I use
No violence, I court you to a Bride.

Hon. My vows once gave me up a pledge to *Al-*
worth,

And my heart cut out for his Epitaph,
Will not contain one Character beside.

Tra. I play my self to death in flames unpittied;
Resolve, nor look for tedious considerings;
If I may honourably succeed your *Alworth,*
His soul had not a purer faith to serve you,
If this be slighted---

Enter Dash the Clark.

Daf. Help, help, we are all undone, O Sir, where
is
Your two handed sword?

Tra. Thou Messenger of Horror, what's the matter?

Daf. The Castle is besieg'd, and the Beacons burns
blue Sir.

The Devil's up in Arms, and comes against us
With the whole *posse Comitatus*! they
Will pull the house down, they have broke into
The base Court, Heaven protect my *Pia mater*.
I did but peep out of the Garrat, and
One Souldier swore a huge Granado at me.
They cry down with the Laws, and if they have not
Honoria sound of wind and limb, they'll cut
us,

Sir, into Labels. Would I had compounded
For any leg, or my left arm; but now,
Now farewell comely Court-hand, and long Dashes,
Do you not hear the Mandrakes? what do you do
Sir?

I'll into the Cellar straight, and bar the door,
And if there be no remedy, e're they reach me,
I'll drink, and dye a Martyr.

Tra. I am blasted! stay,
There is a close contrivement in this Chamber,
Madam, will you retreat, and save your person?
This way firrah.

*Exeunt.**Dash.*

Dash. De'e think they will not smell us out? I
fear
My constitution wo'not hold.

● *Souldiers within.*

Down with the Laws & *custos Rotulorum*,
Fico for Writs and Mous-Traps.

Enter Officers, General, and Fulbank, Alworth
like a soldier.

Off. Make a guard Souldiers.

Ful. I am come Sir, to see fashions.

Col. You finde us drudging Sir, in your affairs,
Captain, I leave him to your entertainment,
That face deserves a reverence.

Hon. 'Tis the Colonel,
But he looks more compos'd, and carries stare.

Col. Madam.

Ful. And how go things, my Military friends?
My gallant men of action? you are now
In sprightly postures, and become your selves,
What pitty 'tis, men of your noble soul
Should want employment.

Squa. We must all acknowledge
Your care of us.

Ful. I honour'd your profession,
Since I first handled Arms.

Squa. What service, with your favour, have you
seen?

Ful. Hot service, I was knock'd down thrice, and lost
My beard at taking of a Fort in *Finsbury*,
And when I had my Marshal trinkets on,

I thought my self as brave a *Macedonian*
As the best on e'm. But where's the Lady *Mam-*
mon?

Col. Surprized? and ever since a Prisoner?
He is not worth my passion, this room
Has in your presence a protection.
I take your word, you wo'not quit the place
Without your servants knowledge, Madam, but
If the lie Enemy of your honour, think
By obscuring his base head, to fly our Justice,
When you are safe, I'll fire the house upon him.

Daf. Here, here we are, fire, fire.

Tra. Be silent Villain.

Daf. Yes, and be burnt alive, I cannot finde the
door.

Col. From whence that voice?

Daf. 'Tis here, 'tis here, I hate burning, as
I do the Devil, and a dry Proverb, help.

Squa. The Lawyers here.

Tra. Gentlemen use no violence, I'll come forth
And meet your fury.

Cap. What are you firrah?

Daf. A poor Court-hand practiser.

Cap. The choice is given, whether thou wilt be
hang'd

At the next tree, or have your ears cut off?

Daf. My ears, my ears by any means Gentle-
men,

Hanging will make a villainous long Dash.

Once crop'd, and twice a Traytor, sweet Gentle-
men,

Delicate Commanders.

Tra. Time has brought

Your

Your turn about, by your respects to honour,
I see your soul is noble ; though I cannot
Dye at my own choice, I can make a will,
And dispose some Legacies, rich Jewels, Sir,
Plate, Gold, and Silver.

Ful. All this I lay claim to,
They were the Lady *Mammons*, in whose right
I challenge all, I take those to my custodie.

Col. How ? How ? Marshal take him to yours.

Ful. Me to the Marshal ? that were pretty, me ?

Mar. Come Sir---

Ful. How ? I beseech one word, have you forgot
me Sir ?

Col. Your name is *Fulbank*.

Ful. Plain *Fulbank* ? it was I,
Did in those days bring in the good advance.

Col. You did, your duty Marshall----

Ful. I ha done Sir,

Col. So have not I, secure his person too,
Safe, as your life will answer it.

Enter one with a Letter.

Letters, whence ? ha ?
From *Alamode* ?

He reads.

Alworth Discovers himself to Honorio, Squanderbag observes them.

He writes where a party of horse may handsomely
Secure the Lady *Mammon*, give him a reward,
Make it your province Captain, you will finde
Directions in that paper. *Whispers.*

Squa. Sir, I have observ'd
That Gentleman with the black-patch uncase
His eye once to my Lady, there's some mysterie,
I do not like it.

Col. Some spie: when I walk off, command him
to the
Guard till further order.

Madam, I call it my first happiness,
That I am in a capacity to serve you,
And you shall order your own justice.

Hon. What will they do with that young Gentle-
man?

Col. She mindes not me.

Hon. Your pardon.

Col. Give me favour to attend you,
With whom my soul desires to be renew'd,
Your faithful honourer, march on.

Ex. Co. &c.

Alw. I obey you.

Squa. You will know the cause hereafter, and us
better,

When

When both your eyes are open.

Pulls of the Patch.

Cap. Thou hast cur'd him : de'e know us Sir ?

Alw. I know ye all.

Squa. What are we ?

Alw. You're all close fires, in want of aire kept
tame,

But know no bounds, let loose into a flame.

Squa. We'll teach you better Morals Sir, Come
on.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT

ACT. V.

Enter Squanderbag and a Captain.

Cap. **H**Is thoughts are all now taken up with
Courtship

To Honorin.

Squa. You may see Captain,
A handsome piece of flesh and blood may do much,
VWhen there's no other enemy i'th the field.

Cap. VWhat will be done with the Gentleman was
carried
To the guard?

Squa. The stranger with a black Eye?
He's fast enough, and will have opportunity
Of place and time, to cool his hot devotions,
If our Commander in chief march on thus.

Enter Serjeant and Souldiers.

Ser. Are not these pretty hand Granado's, Gentle-
men?

1 Sol. Fire to the fuze, and tofs some health about.

2 So. Come away, to my Colonel, honest Squanderbag.

Squa. Ha? these are my Scythians, mark those
fellows Captain,

Cut 'em in pieces like so many Adders,
The y'l joyn agen, i'th compass of an acre,
Their limbs will creep together, and march on
To the next Rendevouz without a halt.

2 Ser. This is Spanish.

Squa.

Ler. Draw home your arrow to the head, my Centaure.

1. *So.* Mine is French Wine.

5 *So.* You must take your chance,
The Yeoman of the wine-feller did not
Provide 'em for our palate.

2 *So.* *Supernaculum!*

See, there lies *Spain* already, now would I fight---

Ser. Drink thou mean'st.

2 *Sol.* VVith any King in *Europe.*

Do not spill your Amanition; ah Serjeant,
This was excellent Drink.

1 *So.* VVho wants my Colonel?

2. *So.* I want it, tope, give me't.

Ser. He'l ha't agen?

2 *So.* The to'ther charge, and then we'll over-run
Christendom, Sa, sa:

When y'ave done with Christendome, what shall
become o'th Heathen Princes?

2 *So.* We'll put the Heathen Princes in a bag.

Ser. A bottle thou meanest, he's all for drink,

2 *So.* And after, roast the Great Turk with his
Bashaws,

Like a pudding in's belly.

Squa. Thou Boy!

Ser. There he is for eating.

Ser. Dost know what thou hast said now? but
What shall be done with the Jews?

2 *Sol.* They are included,
And go upon the score of Modern Christians,
There sha' not a Nation scape us.

Squa. These are the men,

The tools, that cut our Triumph out o'th quarry.

Cap.

Cap. They will deserve their pay.

Squa. Oh pay is necessary, use it now and then,
Like Phisick, it keeps the Souldier in health
And expectation, they must fight for honour
Some-times.

1 So. Tobacco, hey?

Ser. Here boys, a Magazine, with pipes attending
VWhite as my Ladies tooth, and shining more
Then forehead of *Dulcinea de Toboso*.

4 So. A Souldier's a brave life.

3 So. 'Tis cheap, all these things come to us by
nature.

Ser. Our Colonel.

Squa. I'll cashier him that rises, keep your po-
stures,

We are all Souldiers, and can sit and drink we'e,
To your Arms Gentlemen agen, ha? this is wine.

Ser. We have the modest gift of drinking, Sir,
Without inquiry of the Grape or Vintage,
Or from what Merchant.

Squa. Is not this better than a tedious Prentiship
Bound by Indentures to a shop and drudgerie,
Watching the Rats, and Customers by Owl light?
Ti'd to perpetual language of, What lack ye?
Which you pronounce, as ye had been taught like
Sterlings.

If any Gudin bite to damn your souls
For less than sixpence in the pound. Oh base!
Your glittering shoes, long graces, and short meals,
Expecting but the comfortable hour
Of eight a clock, and the hot Pippin-pies,
To make your mouth up? all the day not suf-
fered

to aire your selves, unless your minikin Mistress
 command you to attend her to a Christning,
 to bring home plums, for which they may relieve
 your teeth that water, with her next suppositorie.
 You have some Festivals, I confess, but when
 they happen, you run wilde to the next Village,
 Conspire a knot, and club your groats apiece
 for Cream and Prunes, not daring to be drunk,
 Nothing of honour done, now y^e are Gentlemen,
 And in a capacitie to be all Commanders, if you dare
 fight,

2 *S.* Fight ? you know we dare, Sir,
 And with the Devil.

2 *Squa.* In hope you wo^t not give him quarter,
 There's money, do not purchase Earth, nor Heaven
 with it.

I must away, remember the two things.

1 *So.* The two Dees.

2 *Squa.* Drink, and your Duty, so,
 Now as you were---

2 *So.* Noble Colonel,

Ex't.

Let me kiss thy hand, I am thine body and soul.

3 *So.* But will you fight with the Devil?

2 *So.* Why not?

3 *So.* So will not I.

2 *So.* Wo^t not you fight with the Devil, and one
 of

Our Regiment?

3 *So.* Not I?

1 *So.* Perhaps the Devil is his friend.

3 *So.* And yet in a good cause---

2 *So.* He wo^t not fight with you then, base, I say,

To

To take advantage of the cause, or person :
 Fight upon any cause with any person.
 Heark you Serjeant, you do know our Duties
 Better than we our selves, what do we fight for !
 Silence the first word of Command, let us
 Be serious, what, what do we fight for ?

Ser. For pay, for pay, my Bull-rooms.

2 So. La'ye now,

Can any Christian Officer say more ?

Ser. Hang these Intergatories,
 And give us to'her charge to'th man i'th Moon.

2 So. All, all give fire together, Oh for a noise
 Of Trumpets.

Drums beat

1 So. Here are Drums.

Ser. The General is coming this way, to your
 Arms
 Skud ye Metropolitans.

*Enter Colonel, Squanderbag, Captain and
 Alamo.*

Ala. Sir, I congratulate your honourable
 Employment.

Col. And I your noble presence here.

Ala. I could not with my Rhetorick invite
 My Ladie hither ?

Col. I sent you a party--

Ala. Yes Sir,
 Your men of rank and file do carry still

The strong perswasions, they prevail'd with her.
I left her to the Guard.

A Shout

Col. The reason of that Clamor?

Cap. The Souldiers, Sir, express their joy thus
loud,

That Ladie *Mammon* is brought in, the Guard
Hardly secure her person.

Col. Give her fair access,
On pain of death, be none uncivil to her,
This service will deserve a memory,
And publique thanks, all our design did reach
But to gain her.

Ala. The work will be to keep her,
The Gipsie has more windings than a Serpent,
The Moon is not more changing.

*Enter Mammon, Phantasm,
Guard.*

Col. Is this she?

Phan. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Mam. Forsake me in this
Condition?

Phan. If I could expect a worse
Would fall upon you, Madam, I'd not part yet.

Mam. How?

Phan. For I can tell you, what will follow in;
stantly,
And it does please my wickedness extreamly,
The next pay-day you will be torn in pieces,

Oh

Oh 'twill be excellent sport, ha, ha, ha.

Mam. And canst thou laugh Villain? Secure him
Souldiers.

Phan. They will have work enough about your
Ladiship.

I am going as nimbly as a spirit, Madam,
And to your greater comfort, know I am one.

Mam. The Devil thou art.

Phan. Call'd by another name,
Your evil Genius, to assure you that
You have been all this while cozened, my dear
Mistress,

And that these colours are phantastick, see,
I vansh into aire.

Guard. Presto, was this your Devil, Madam?

Mam. Oh my misfortune!

Col. Madam, your person is most welcome hi-
ther.

Mam. I fear your Souldiers, Sir,

Col. You may be confident

Of safety from them, Madam, that fight for you,
We are your guard, all wait upon my Ladie,
And let your applications be with reverence,
And see her entertainments high, and such
As may become my honour, and her person.

Exit.

What is there left addition to my happiness?

Mammon and Honoria both within my power?

Ambition write *non ultra*, fix, fix here,

The two great darlings of mankinde are mine,
Both Excellent, and yet but one Divine.

Wealth is the nerves of VVar and VVir, without
which

VVe

WVe are dull, and useles engines, *Mammon* leads
To Conquest, and rewards our blood and watches,
But honour is the lustre of all Triumph,
The Glories that we wear are dim without her,
Till she come in, the Lamp, our glorious flame,
WVe grope our way ith dark, and walk on crutches.
Riches may shine, and Star-like grace the night,
But Honour is the radiant soul of light.

*Exit.**Alworth in Prison.*

Alw. I almost could be angry with my fate,
And call that care of my Phisitian
Unkinde, that did remove my first distempers;
I should have drop'd into the shades, and lost
Her memory, that flatters me to ruine,
WVhat's all this murmure? are these thoughts my
own?
Or is there some black spirit crept into
My melancholy blood, that would corrupt
That spring, by which my innocence should live?
Hence, I command thee hence, thou dire Inchant-
ment,
And let the vertues of *Honorin*
Resume their throne within my soul, and strike
Religious tremblings through every thought,
Let I repine at Providence? She is here.

*C**Enter*

*Enter Honorio, and Marshal.**Mar.* This warrant must admit you.*Hon.* There's for your Office, you may withdraw your self.*Mar.* Your servant.*Exit.**Hon.* Oh my *Alworth*?*Alw.* This humility

Transcends my hope and merit, I am now
 No more a Prisoner, since my better part
 (Enlarg'd by this your charitable visit)
 Hath freedom to behold my greatest happiness,
 Your self.

Hon. I am so full of joy
 To see thee alive, I cannot ask thee, how
 Thou wert preserv'd.

Alw. Heaven was not willing I
 Should die, till I had given you better proof
 How much I would deserve your smile upon me.

*Enter Colonel and Marshal.**Mar.* Here you may, undiscovered, Sir, observe 'em.*Col.* You may be gone, and wait at some fit distance.

Alw. My cure was hastned by your thoughts upon me,
 And my desires had wings to reach your person,

(For

(For I was soon acquainted how you were
Convey'd) and next my thoughts to kiss your
hands,

I brought my resolutions of revenge
Upon that Traitors head, that ravish'd ye
So rudelie from my eies.

Hon. Prethee no more,

But let our hearts renew, and seal a contract
In sight of present storms; and I am not
VVirhout some hopes to change thy sad condition,
For he, to whose commands thou owest this misery,
Is pleas'd to say he loves me, and I can
Employ his kindness to no better use
Then thy Enlargement; if this prove unfortu-
nate,

It shall at least diminish thy affliction,
That I can bear a part, and suffer with thee.

Alw. Better I sink by many deaths, then you
Engage your self to any unkinde Fate
For me; I have crept newly from my dust,
And can alone walk cheerfull y to silence
And the dark grave: But do you believe, Madam,
This man looks on you with a noble flame?
He's now a great man.

Hon. His affection
Has all the shews of honour, and such high
Civilities flow from him.

Alw. Pause a little,
And give me leave to tell you, as these seeds
Of VVar grow up, I cannot think a person
(Though many may be honourable) can
Better Deserve---

Hon. VVhat?

Alw. To be made Lord of this
Fair Empire.

Hon. Did this language come from *Alworth*?
That said he lov'd me?

Alw. Yes, with noblest fervor,
My love commands it Madam, and I can
In my true service to *Honorio*,
Advise her to call home her noble beams,
That shine to the discredit of her light
On me, that would upon a worthier object
Draw up more admiration to her brightness,
And at the same time, by their influence shew
The beauties of her better choice.

Hon. This language
I understand not yet; can *Alworth* then
Finde in his heart any consent, to give up
His interest in *Honorio* to another?

Alw. Yes, when *Honorio* is concern'd to meet
A greater happiness than *Alworth*, I
Can make my self an Exile, which is but
The justice of my love to her great merit.
I am a trifle Madam, a thing meant
Beneath your smile, a very walking shadow,
And time will come, when you have shew'd me
all

The bounties of your grace, nay seal'd them mine,
By the most holy character of marriage,
Yet then I must forsake you, when my nerves
Shrink up, when the weak flowings of my blood
Cool in their channel, and tame Nature leaves
me

A spoil to death--

Hon.

Hon. VVhy do you talk of death,
So far off?

Alw. Though we do not hear him tread,
Yet every minute he approaches, Madam;
And give me leave to tell you, without flatter-
ing

My self, I am in danger; first a Prisoner,
A spie they may pretend, but this will vanish.
It is the title of your servant, Madam,
Is both my honour, and my crime, nor can I
VVave my relation to your favours: this
Known to the man, under whose power we stand,
His angrie breath may doom me to the scaffold,
And I must then resign, nor will the act
Be mine, but a constraint, and I then lose
The glorie that may now be mine, to engage
Him in your smiles, you in his love.

Hon. VVhen will this dream be over?

Alw. As for me,

It shall be enough at distance to look on you
VVith thoughts as innocent as your own, and if
For the convenience of both our persons,
One Earth must not contain us, do not think
That I can wander, where I shall forget
To tell the stranger world your storie, Madam;
And when I have made all mankinde, where I
come,

Bow to your name, and taught 'em to repeat it
In all their dangers, and their frights, to cure them,
I will seek out some aire, that is infectious,
VVhere no birds dare inhabit, or man build
A cottage to repose his wearied head,
And there I prophesie, by the vertuous charm

Of your blest name, to purge it, and as soon
As the great miracle is spread, to invite
The best of every Nation to live there,
And own you Tutelar Angel.

Hon. Fie, no more,

Alworth now dreams indeed, but he more vainlie
Perswades me to forget my vows to him :
Is this a fear to die, or something like it ?
For I would give it fain some other name.

Alw. A fear to die, that arrow strikes too deep,
If you but think so, and wounds more, than all
The horror my destruction can appear in,
If I can entertain the thoughts of life
Without you, how much easier must it be
To die for your concernment ? I ha' not liv'd
After the rate to fear another world.
VVe come from nothing into life, a time
VVe measure with a short breath, and that often
Made redious too, with our own cares that fill it,
VWhich like so many Atomes in a Sun-beam,
But crowd and jumble one another. All,
From the adored Purple to the Hair-cloth,
Must center in a shade, and they that have
Their vertues to wait on 'm, bravely mock
The rugged storms, that so much fright 'em here,
VWhen their souls lanch by death into a sea
That's ever calm.

Hon. This deserves my attention,
And you in this small lecture *Alworth*, have
Made me in love with death, who for thy sake
Can with my innocence about me, take
More satisfaction to bleed away
My life, than keep it, with the smallest stain

Upon

Upon my honour. This I speak, not to
Court up your drooping thoughts to me, if I
Be false, or have lost my first esteem---

Alw. Oh pardon, t^hother syllable of this destroys
me ;

What is there, can but make me worthy of
Your faith ? I am all, ever thine ? The Colonel.

Enter Colonel.

Col. Expect a cloud to darken all your triumphs !

Exit.

Hon. His threats move me as little, as his love,
Yet for thy sake I can be sad.

Alw. And I
But onely mourn for you.

Enter Colonel with a Pistol, and Travers.

He is return'd,
And with him the first poisoner of our peace ;
What horror next ?

Col. Your happiness is now
Within your reach, kill but that fellow, and
Possess her by my gift, the act once done
By my command secures thee.

Hon. He shall make
His passage to thee through my heart !

Tra. I thank you.

For your great promise and employment, Sir,
But take your tool agen,

Col. Did you not love her?

Tra. Yes infinitely, but scorn your Hangmans
Office:

I have done too much already; but if Madam,
The memorie of my base surprize have not
VVeig'd me down past all fathom of your mercy,
I can ask you forgiveness in my heart,
And suffer all his Tyrannie, to expiate
My black offence to you, and to that Gentleman.

Col. Are you so resolute?

Tra. VVere I assur'd

There were no punishment to attend this murder
Here, nor hereafter, could she pardon this
Bloodie assassination, and *Almorth*

Forgive me, when his soul is gliding through
The purple stream, and mounting up to fill
Some happie star, would she herself consent
To be the great reward of the black deed,
I should abhor the Parricide.

Col. Is't so? expect my next return.

Exit.

Alw. Sir, you have shewn a penitence would
strike

A marble through, and this return to pietie,
Hath chang'd our anger into Admiration.

Hon. Sir, we have now no thoughts, but what are
fil'd,

With a desire you call us to your friendship;

Live

Honoria and Mammon.

Live happie, and adorn by your example
Of justice, the most honoured robe you wear.

Enter Colonel, Alameda, Fulbank, Squanderbag and Mammon.

Col. Nay ye shall witness all my resolution;
Your hand, dear Madam, *Alworth* take from me
Thy own *Honoria*, it were impious
To keep you a minute longer in your fears,
Your loves deserve my admiration, not
My anger, and I cheerfully resign
All my ambitions, live you happie both;
As I am in this conquest of my self:
I lov'd *Honoria* well, but justice better.
But *Madam*, though you must be *Alworths* Bride,
Yet give me leave to call you Mistress, I
Can be your servant still, and by your influence
Upon me, steer my actions, and keep
My passions in as much obedience,
As any Souldier I command, and *Alworth*
Be you so just, to tell the world thar takes
Delight to snarl, and catch at every errour
In our profession: I am no enemy
To Arts, but can take pleasure to reward
Learning, with all due honour, be your self
The example.

Alw. You are perfect
In all that's noble, and it were a sin
Not to proclaim it.

Tra. Sir, This act will crown
Your name for ever.

Col.

Col. Make your peace with *Honorio*,

Hon. 'Tis done, and we owe all we can call happy
To your justice, Sir. to Mammon.

Col. Madam, you look upon us through some cloud,
None should be worn this day, and here are some
Did wear the title of your servant. *Fulbank*---

Ful. Oh you are trulie noble, I ever honoured my
Ladie.

Col. Travers, Alamode,

Squa. Please you to name me in the list, I can
Be as much a servant to this Ladie, as
The best of these.

Col. Stand forth, and plead your merits.

Mam. I excuse them,
Your pardon Sir, I think the best in all the
File unworthie of me.

Col. Plain truth, Gentlemen.

Mam. I could give reasons, but I have no humor
To spoil some reputations in publique.

Ala. I told you what a Gypsie 'twas.

Mam. Some may
Traduce my fame, and charge me with a levity
And frequent change, but I have been less constant,
Because I found no man had wit enough
To manage me, or worth enough to invire
The stay of my affections. I acknowledge
The Citizen doth promise fair, but breaks:
Lawyers are cunning, but I love not snares:
The Courtier has no care of his own body;
The Countrey-man had no wit but in his acres:
And for you, Sir, your name is *Squanderbag*,
What would you do with *Mammon*, cannot keep her?
Beside, these men had the bad luck to court me

When

When I was swaid by an evil genius,
Which now has left me. I see alreadie
A nobler path, and till I finde a man
Knows how to love, and govern me with temperance;
I lay my self an humble servant at
Honoria's feet; your pardon to my past
Neglects, will make me cheerfull to attend you.

Col. Nay, since y^e are come to be my fellow-servant,
If you please, Madam, we may approach neerer;
What think you of me, shall I present my self
A servant to your favour?

Mam. Sir, you are pleasant.

Col. I shall be so, if you accept my servite;
Though I am a Souldier, I can love, and do
All duties may become your worth and honour.

Mam. I blush to say how much I am unworthie,
But I shall meet you honourably.

Col. A match, seal it.

Salute.

Ful. He has don't ~~it~~ compendiously; But Sir, you
know---

Col. Yes, I know very well what you would say,
But this fair Lady's mine, and I'll deserve her:
Wealth has alreadie made you mad, we have been
Out of the Sun a great while, I invire
You all my guests to day, and Ladie *Mammons*,
Do me that honour.

Ful. There is no remedie.

Enter Maslin Strip'd.

Ala. 'Tis well you scap'd with loss of *Mammon*.

Col. What anti-Masquers this?

Mam.

Mam. 'Tis Mr. *Maslin*.

Cap. This fellow woud not bend, and so they broke him.

Mas. You look like the Commander in chief Of this *Militia*.

Col. What then?

Mas. I have a suit to you.

Col. A suit? methinks y^e are naked.

Mas. I know not, but on my knees I beg their pardon

That made me so, they plunder'd me so quaintly,
They are the nimblest *Hocus Pocus's*
That e're threw dice for hemp.

Col. I am glad they fitted you.

Mas. No Sir, it was the Tailor fitted me.

Col. So, and they unfitted you.

Mas. But with what art, how most compendi-
ously

They made me an Adamite, Sir--

Col. Let's hear your wonder.

Mas. One ill look'd fellow did but swear an oath,
And my hat flew up with the very wind of it,
And fell upon a head, that stood bare for it
Full three yards off:

Another did but squint upon my legs,
And my boors vanish'd with the spurs upon 'em;
Cloak, doublet, jerkin, all convenient broad
cloth,

Three pile of wool, went from me at one mo-
tion;

No bars nor buttons could prevail a minute,
They broke into my bodie with that nimble

Burglarie ; I was undone 'e're I could wink.
But when my narrow shirt came o're my shoul-
ders,

I thought 't had been my skin, at every twitch
I roard, and gave my self gone for a Rabbet
For the next Officers supper.

Col. In good time.

Maf. But truch appear'd when I was strip'd, their
charitie

Left me my breeches, but the good old gold
Could not have leave to bear 'em companie,
That was default'd miraculously by a Mirmidon.
That had lost both his hands---

Ala. Lost both his hands,
How could he take your money ?

Maf. With his stumps, Sir,
He routed both my pockers with his stumps ;
Oh the knack some men have to fetch our money.

Col. He is pleasant, see his wardrobe be re-
stord.

Maf. Shall I be warm agen, Oh Madam---

Squa. Be not too sawcie, she is now exalted
Above your sphere.

Ful. Oh Mr. *Mafin*, we are all undone.

Maf. So am I, they have not left me a shirt.

Col. All faults, where we have power this day, are
pardon'd.

Ala. Happiness crown your loves !

Col. Now to the Priest,

Whose work is onely wanting to confirm us :

Alworth, lead on your fairest Bride, remember
We are both servants to *Honoraria*.

Alwa

Alm. To shew I can obey you Sir, come
Madam.

*The Birth of Heaven, and the Earths Morning-
star,*

Col. Our life of Peace, and the true soul of
War.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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THE
CONTENTION
OF
AJAX and ULYSSES,
FOR THE
ARMOR of *ACHILLES*.

AS

It was nobly represented by young Gentlemen of quality, at a private Entertainment of some persons of Honour.

WRITTEN
By *JAMES SHIRLEY*.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Crook*, at the sign of the ship in
S. Pauls Church-yard.

The Speakers.

Ajax Telamon.

Ulysses.

Agamemnon.

Diomedes.

Menelaus.

Nestor. } out

Calchas.

Thersander.

Polybrontes, a small Souldier.

Lysippus } Pages.

Didimus }

Souldiers.

Attendants.

THE
 CONTENTION
 OF
 AJAX and ULYSSES
 FOR
 The ARMOUR of ACHILLES.

Didimus, Ulysses his Page, Lysippus, Ajax his Page

Di.



Hy how now Insolence?

*Lysippus justles Di-
 dimus.*

Ly. You know me Sir?

Di. For one that wants good
 manners; yes, I know
 Your name, and best relation;
 you attend

A Page on Ajax Telamon.

Ly. And you
 In such an office wait upon *Ulysses*,
 But with this difference, that I am your better,

In reference to my Lord, as he exceeds
 Your Master both in Fortitude and Honour :
 Therefore I take this boldness to instruct
 Your diminutive Worship in convenient duties,
 And that hereafter when you see me pass,
 You may descend, and vail, and know fit distance.

Dy. To you descend, and vail ? to you ? poor
 Rat !

Is he not poison'd, that he swells so strangely :
 I would bestow this admonition, that
 You talk within your limits, I may finde
 A pity for your folly, while you make
 Comparisons with me, but let your tongue
 Preserve a modestie, and not dare to name
 My Lord, without a reverence, and not
 In the same week your Master is in mention,
 Least I chastise you.

Ly. Ha, ha, prodigie !

The Monkey grins, the Pigmie would be Ramp-
 ant :

Sirrah, 'tis I pronounce, if you have
 A mind to lose one of your fugs, or quit
 Some teeth that stick impertinent in your gums,
 Or run the hazard of an eye, or have
 Your hanches kickt into a gentle cullice,
 Or tell your Master, in whose cause you have
 Deserv'd a cudgelling, and merited
 A dratch to carry home your broken bodie ;
 Talk on, and when it is too late, you may
 Repent your impudence.

Di. Mightie man of Gingerbread !

Is not your name *Lyfippus* ? what mad Dog
 Has bit thee ; thou art wilde, hast lost thy senses ?

Ly.

Ly. You'l finde, I have not.

Di. Is all this in earnest?

And hast thou so much ignorance, to think
That lump of flesh, thy Master (a thing meant
By nature for a flail, and bang the sheafs)
Is fit to be in competition

With the wise Prince of *Ithaca*? whose name
Shines like a Constellation throughout *Greece*,
And is lookt at with admiration
By friends and enemies? for shame retract
Thy gross opinion, it is possible
Thou maist retrieve thy lost wits,

Ly. Verie well

Then, you do think my little spawn of Politie,
That your flie Master, the oyl-tongu'd *Nysses*,
Will win the prize to day, *Achilles* Armour;
And that the Kinglie Judges, and grave Coun-
fel

Will give it against *Ajax*.

Di. In true wisdom,
As to the best deserver.

They fight.

Ly. Dandiprar.

Enter Calchas.

Cal. Remove your selves, and pettie diffe-
rences,

This place is meant the scene for a contention

Between the valiant *Ajax Telamon*,
 And the far-fam'd *Ulysses*, who shall best
 Merit to wear the great *Achilles* Arms:
 Methinks I see Heavens mightie windows open,
 And those great souls, whom noble actions here
 Translated to take place among the Stars:
 Look down, and listen with much expectation
 Of this daies glorie. The rough winds (least they
 Should interrupt the plea of these Competitors)
 Stand close committed in their horrid caves,
 And *Phæbus* drest in all his brightest beams,
 Curbs in his Steeds to stay, to wait upon
 The great Decision.
 Silence, no noise prophane this place, and may
 The soul of wisdom be at this great Council.

*Enter Officers one after another, bearing the Pieces
 of Achilles Armour, after them in state,
 Agamemnon, Nestor, Menelaus, Diomedes,
 Thersander, &c.*

Agas. I need not, Grecian Princes, spend much
 time

Or Language, in discoufing the occasion
 Why this great Council hath been call'd; *Achilles*,
 Whose very name will be enough to fill
 The breath of fame, is here agen concern'd,
 Nor can his honour'd ashes be without
 Contention in his sacred Urn, until
 The difference between these great Competitors
 Be reconciled.

for Achilles *Armour*.

101

Cap. They both, great *Agamemnon*, are prepar'd,

And cheerful, as when Honour call'd them forth
To fight, impatient of delay, or danger.

Ag. Attend them hither.

Dio. Let the Officers

Take care the Souldiers press not past their limit.

Enter before Ajax, his Page, bearing his Target.

Ajax appears, with lightning in his eyes,
His big heart seems to boil with rage.

Me. He was ever passionate :
Here comes *Ulysses*.

Enter Ulysses, with his Page, as before, he makes obeysance, and sets down in a Chair.

A man of other temper, and as far
From being transported with unhandsome anger,
He seems to smile.

Ag. They have both deserv'd
For their great service in this expedition,
We should with calm, and most impartial souls
Hear and determine ; therefore, if you please,
Because the hours are precious, I shall
Desire them lose no time.

Dio. We all submit, and shall obey your prudence.

Ag.

Ag. You honour much :
Your *Agamemnon*— Princes then to you,
I hope you have brought hither, with your per-
sons,

Nothing but what your honours may consent too ;
Speak your selves freely then, these are your Judges,
Who ate not onely great in birth and titles,
And therefore bring no thoughts to stain their
honour,

But bound by obligation of one Countrey,
Will love, and do your name and valours justice.
There lies your great reward, *Achilles* Arms,
Forg'd by the subtile art of him, that fram'd
Joves Thunderbolts, pride of Cyclopien labours,
He that is meant by his kinde stars, to have
The happy wearing of them next, may write
Himself a Champion for the Gods, and Heaven,
Against a race of Gyants that would scale it :
I have said, and we with silence now as deep
As that doth wait on midnight, and as fixt
As marble Images, expect your pleasure.

Ajax rises and looks about him.

Ajax. Great *Jove*, immure my heart, or gird
with
Some ribs of steel, lest it break through this
flesh,
And with a flame contracted from just fury,
Set fire on all the world : How am I falm ?
How shrunk to nothing ? my fame ravish'd from me

That this fly talking Prince is made my Rival
 In great *Achilles* Armour: Is it day?
 And can a Cloud darker than night, so muffle
 Your eyes, they cannot reach the Promontory,
 Beneath which now the *Grecian* fleet rides safe,
 Which I so late rescued from *Trojan* flames,
 When *Hector* frightful, like a Globe of fire,
 By his example taught the enraged youth
 To brandish lightning; but I cannot talk,
 Nor knows he how to fight, unless 'tich dark
 With shadows. I confess, his eloquence
 And tongue are mighty, but *Pelides* sword
 And armour were not made things to be talk'd
 on,

But worn and us'd, and when you shall deter-
 mine

My juster claim, it will be same enough
 For him, to boast, he strove with *Ajax Tela-*
mon.

And lost the prize, due onely to my merit.

Ly. Now *Didimus*, how goes *Ulysses* pulse?
 Run to his Tent, and fetch him some strong wa-
 ters.

Did. This storm shakes not a leafe, it had been
 more

Honour for *Ajax Telamon* to have hir'd
 A Trumpeter, than make this noise himself.

Ag. Silence.

The Duke proceeds.

Aia. I am asham'd

And blush, that I can plead so vast a merit:
 Why am I not less honourable? a cheaper
 Portion of worth, weigh'd in the ballance, with

This

This Rival, would so croud, and fill my scale;
His vertues, like a thin and trembling vapour,
Would lose themselves i'th ayre, or stick a Corner
Upon Heavens face, from whence the matter
spenr,

It would fall down, the sport, and scorn of Children,
dren,

Allow me then less valiant, pinch all
The Laurels from my brow, that else would grow
there,

The honour of my birth and blood must lift me
Above the Competition with *Ulysses*;

My Father was Duke *Telamon*, a name
Fatal to *Troy*, companion to *Alcides*,
Whom in the expedition to *Colchos*,
Argo was proud to bear: his father *Æacus*,

Who for his exemplary justice here,
Was by Eternal Patent from the Gods,

Made Judge of souls; him *Jupiter* begot
On his *Egina*, from whose womb, I write

My self a third from *Jove*: But let not this
Entitle me to great *Achilles* arms,

Without my interest in his blood: Our fathers
Grew from one royal stem, I am his Kinsman,

And I demand in this, but just inheritance.

In what relation of blood can then

Ulysses, of a strange and forfeit race,

Equal in fraud to his Progenitor,

Condemn'd to labour at the restless stone,

Lay claim to *Achilles* Arms?

Cal. What, asleep *Thersander*?

Ther. No, no, I observe every word, *Ulysses*
has

Said

Said very well, he was ever a good Orator.

Cal. You are mistaken, Sir, 'tis *Ajax* pleads,

Ulysses has not spoke one word.

Th. Wait *Ajax*?

I cry you mercy, it was very handsome,

And to the purpose in my opinion,

Who ever said it.

Ag. I intreat your silence.

The. With all my heart.

Aja. It is ^{my}wonder Princes,

That this *Dulichyan* King dare bring his face

Before a Sun-beam, and expose that brand

Of infamie, the name of Coward, writ

In Leprous Characters upon his brow,

To the worlds eye.

Ul. How *Telamon*?

Aja. *Ulysses*,

'Tis I, that said it, and these Kings may all

Remember, when most wretchedly, to save

Those tender limbs of yours, and that warp'd

face,

When *Greece* rise up, one man to punish *Troy*,

Thou cowardly didst counterfeite a madness,

Till *Palamedes* pull'd that vizor off.

Was *Ajax Telamon* at that sordid posture?

Nay, was not I the first in field, and eager

To engage my person in these Wars of *Troy*?

(Witness thou sacred Genius of our Countrey)

As a curl'd youth could fly to meet a Mistress,

And print his fervour on her amorous lip:

But for his valour since, let *Nestor* speak;

That good old man made not his age excuse,

Nor his white hairs, that like a Grove of snow,

Shew'd

Shew'd what a Winter dwelt upon his head,
 But flung himself on War, when in the heat
 Of Battel, over-charg'd with multitudes,
 And his horse wounded, he esp'd *Ulysses*,
 To whom in this distress, he call'd for succour,
 When he (unworthy of his name and honours)
 Left the old man to struggle with his dangers,
 To whom the Gods sent ayd. But here's the
 justice,

He that dishonourably forsook his friend,
 Met with an enemy, that made him call
 As loud for his relief; I heard that clamour,
 And with my sword cut out my passage to thee,
 When thou wert quaking at the enemies feet,
 And ready to exhale thy panting soul,
 I interposed, bestrid thy coward body,
 And took thy many deaths upon my Target:
 I *Ajax* brought thee off (my least of honours)
 And saved thy wretched life.

Dio. This *Ajax* did,
 But being done, the honour's over paid,
 When he that did the act is Commentator.

Aja. If thou couldst call again that time *Ulysses*,
 The wounds upon thee, and thy fears of death,
 When thou didst skulk behinde my shield, and
 tremble

At every lightning of a sword, thy soul
 Would have a less ambition to contest
 For great *Pelides* Arms.

Me. *Ajax* will carry it.

Aga. It will
 Become our prudence to expect, what may
 Be said in answer to this accusation;

have heard an Orator, with that subtile method

Of art and language, state his Clients cause,
 And with such captivating arguments
 Prevail'd on every ear, it was concluded,
 All law must be in favour of that interest,
 But when the adverse part was heard, that which
 the Appear'd so sacred in the first relation,
 Vanish'd, and 'twas the wonder of all men,
 By what strange magick they were so deceiv'd:
 I speak not this in prejudice of him
 That pleads, whom we all know a man made up
 Of every masculine vertue, but to stay
 (Where two of so much honor are concern'd)
 Precipitate, and partial votes of merit:
Ajax Has more to say.

Aja. I know not how, with safety of mine own,
 I should direct your judgements to consider,
 That after all this story of my self,
 I do not seek these arms, nor court the glory
 To wear em, for 'tis justice to pronounce
 They seek me, *Ajax*, and should prompt you
 to

Believe, I onely worthily can wear 'em.
 What hath *Ulysses* done, he should be nam'd
 With *Telamon*; we have his Chronicle,
 He surpriz'd *Rhesus* in his Tent, a great
 And goodly act, nay, had the heart to kill him;
 He snatch'd a spy up, *Dolon*, and dispatcht him
 To the other world, a most heroick service!
 And had the confidence to filch from *Troy*,
 The dead *Palladium*, memorable actions:
 Fought he with *Hector*? did he stand immov'd

As

As I, when I receiv'd upon my cask,
 A mighty Javelin that he darted at me?
 When you, pale with the wonder of my strength,
 Forsook your prayers, and gave me from the Gods
 Into my own protection, and at last
 I was not overcome, but in the face
 Of both the Armies, sent this mighty Champion
 Staggering home to *Troy*.

Nes. 'Twas a fierce battel,
 And *Ajax* lost no honour.

Aja. Had I done
 But this alone, it might be argument
 To prefer *Ajax Telamon* before
Ulysses to that armour; which I'm thinking
 How he'll become, or how he dare sustain 'em,
 Their very weight will crack his chine, that Bu-
 goner

Will bring his neck in danger of a cramp,
 In pitty of his fears, discharge his hope
 Of so much steel, he has the art of running,
 'Twill much retard his motion: Are you yet
 Considering as doubtful to distinguish us?
 Some God convey those arms upon the wings
 Of a swift wind into the enemies camp,
 Guard 'em with all the strength and soul of *Troy*,
 Let every sword mount death upon the point,
 And leave us to our single fate, who soonest
 Should fetch 'em off: Then you should tell your
 selves,

How much this Carpet Prince came short,
Ajax,

I had rather fight than talk: Now heré him rattle.

Soul. An *Ajax*, an *Ajax*.

Ulys. If my prayers, with your own, renowned
Kings,
Could have prevail'd with Heaven, there had been
no

Contention for these arms, he might have liv'd
To have enjoy'd them still, and we *Achilles*.

But since by the unkindness of our fate,
We are decreed to want him (pardon me
If at that word, unmanly tears break forth)
Who can with greater merit claim the armour,
Than he whose piety to *Greece* and you,
Engag'd alone his valour to these Wars,
And made him yours. Nor let it be a sin
Ere I proceed, to pray this justice from you,
That since my adversary hath been pleas'd
To make a vertue my reproach, and stain
The name of Eloquence, which in me, is not
worth

Your envy; or his rage (since he declares
His incapacity for more than fighting)
You will not judge his dulness an advantage;
Or that which he calls eloquence in me,
A blemish to my cause, who have employ'd
All that the Gods made mine, to serve my Coun-
trei.

Dio. Thersander,
Are you not asham'd to sleep?

Ther. Ha? no, I sleep?
I have not scap'd a syllable by my honour;
I thought not *Ajax* half so good an Orator.

Dio. Ajax? it was *Ulysses* that spoke last.

Ther. Ulysses? I, I meant *Ulysses*; did I say
Ajax?

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Between you and I be it spoken *Diomedes*,

Ajax is a blockhead.

Dio. Yet he spoke to purpose.

Ther. I grant you that; nay, nay, let him
alone.

Aga. Silence.

Ulys. The lustre of our birth by *Ajax* boasted,
Which we derive not from our act, or virtue,
We vainly call our own, nature contributes
A common gloss to all our blood, the honours
And swelling titles, pinn'd upon our name,
Chance often stamps upon a Fool or Coward:
But if provok'd by *Ajax*, I must yield
Him magnified by blood; that title which
He takes from *Jove*, makes me his Grandchild
too,

Laertes was my father, his *Arcesius*,
Whom *Jupiter* begot, no difference here,
But that our Family contain'd no Uncle
Banish'd for murder, as in *Telamons*.
Besides, my mother but remembred, makes
My derivation on both sides Divine,
Which lifts me above *Ajax*, if I were
No King of *Ithaca*: but he hath pleaded
A neerer privilege by being Kinsman,
And calls these arms his just inheritance,
Your wisdom could not chuse but smile to hear
him,

Pirrhus his son is yet alive, and *Peleus*,
Achilles father, *Taucer* his next Cousin;
And *Ajax* to be heir, is worth your wonder;
But you know how to wave impertinence
Of blood or kindred in this cause, nor shall

I need to pray your justice, that vve both
May onely charge the ballance vwith our merits.

Di. This is not ranting, he is Master of
A vvorthy temper.

Ag. Give him your permissions.

Ulys. *Ajax* hath read, not vvithout mighty lungs,
His own bold Historie, when I shall tell
But my first act for *Troy*, if it be less
Than all that *Ajax* yet hath done, or boasted,
And vvith his own consent too, I quit all :
I have rais'd your expectations up to wonder,
And there I'll fix it, when I name *Achilles*,
Whose actions for your service, scorning all
Equality, are owing to *Ulysses* ;
And I may call them mine, that made him yours,
By his sword fell the great *Priamides* :

Hector, whose single arm carried the strength
And fate of *Ilium* : The death alone
Of *Hector*, is an act, if well consider'd,
Doth easily exceed, what hath been done
In all your Grecian Commentaries : I arm'd
Achilles first to do these mighty things,
And for those may deserve *Achilles* armour :

Di. VVe must acknowledge all the benefits
Of great *Achilles* valour are a debt
VVe owe to *Ulysses*, who discovered him
Under a Female habit, 'twas *Ulysses*
That made him man again, and our great Cham-
pion.

Me. All this is granted, yet I think *Ulysses*
Lost little blood in any of these services ;
VWhat do you think *Thersander* ?

Ther. I think as the General thinks, he's wife enough.

Ulys. But give me leave to offer to your memory

Another service, and reduce your thoughts
To *Aulis*, when our Army ship'd, and big
VVith our desires for *Troy*, for want of wind
VVere lock'd in the *Eubean* Bay at *Anchor*.
VVhen the Oracle consulted, gave no hope
Of the least breath of Heaven, or gentle gale
To be expected, till *Diana's* anger
VVere first appeas'd by *Iphigenia's* blood;
I melt with the remembrance, and I could
Accuse my faith, but that the publique interest
And all your honours, arm'd me to perswade
Nature, against the stream of her own happiness,

There stands the tear---drown'd father *Agamemnon*,

Ask his vex'd soul (and let me beg his pardon)
How I did work upon his murmuring heart;
Divided 'twixt a Father and his Countrey,
To give his childe up to the bleeding altar?
VVhose drops (too precious to enrich the earth,
The Goddess hid within a cloud) drank up,
And snatcht her soul; whose brighter substance made

One of the fairest Stars that deck yon Canopie.
Had *Ajax* been employed to have wrought *Atrides*

VVhen he vvas angry with the Gods, to have given

His onely pledge, his loved *Iphigenia*

Up to the Fatal knife, our Grecian fleet,
Had by this time been rotten in the Bay,
And vve by a dishonourable return,
Been vvounded in our fames to after ages.

Ag. This truth is urg'd too home.

Ul. The Deity appeas'd with Virgin Sacrifice,
The winds put on fresh wings, and we arriv'd
Swift as our vvishes to affrighted *Troy*;
VVhere after their first battel, they no more
Drevv forth their Army, vvwhich engag'd us to
Nine horrid VVinters expectation:
It vvould be tedious to relate, hovv active
My counsels vvwere, during this nine years siege,
VVhen *Ajax* (onely good at knocks and vvrest-
ling)

VVas of no use, the bold designs I carried,
My care of our defences and approaches,
Encouraging the Souldier, vvearied
And vvorn avway vvith empty expectations,
Hovv I did apt provisions, arms, and hearts
To fight vvithal, I shall not here inforce,
VVhen you vvwhose just commands I still obey'd,
Are conscious of my pious undertakings.

Aja. He'l talk eternally.

Ul. These actions have deserv'd no brand of
Covvard,

Hovv it may stain his forehead that accus'd me,
Judge you, by the short following story, Princes:
There vvwas a time, vvhen *Agamemnon* vvwas
Deluded by a dream, and bid to leave
The siege, vvwhich coming to the Souldiers ear,
(VVhose fears vvwere helpt by superstition)
Hovv did they run to'th ships from every quarter:

VVhere

VVhere vvas the torrent of great *Ajax* valout
 So talk'd of, that did bear all things before it?
 VVhy, it vvas here, that torrent carried him too:
 I savv and blush'd at *Ajax* preparation
 To be aboard, (I will not call it running)
 Howv did I, careless of all danger, throw
 My self among the Mutineers, and court
 The Fugitives to face about agen,
 And build themselves a name, and wealth in
Troy,

Given over by the Gods to be their captive?
 What acted *Telamon*, but unworthy fears,
 And rather coward them by his retreat,
 Than reach them honour by his own example.

Aia. Can *Jove* hear this? ha!

Ag. Look to *Ajax*.

Nes. Contain your self.

Aja. Let me fight him here,

Or you are all confederates in my infamy.

Nes. For my sake.

Aja. I am patient--

Al. Nor am I without wounds, and crimson characters,

Which as her ornament, my bosom carries,
 Greater than *Telamon* can boast, although
 He fought with *Hector*, which was but his Fortune,

And might have been the lot of *Agamemnon*,
 Of *Menelaus*, *Diomed*, my self,
 And others, who had equally engag'd,
 And onely chance preferr'd him to the combat:
 But let me not be thought to take from *Ajax*
 His just reward of fortitude, I grant

He did repress the fury of the *Trojans*,
When they came arm'd in fires against our Na-
vy,

But 'twas nor single valour, that repulst
The numerous enemy. *Patroclus* had
The armour of *Achilles* on that day,
VVhich struck a terrour in the *Phrygian* cou-
rages,

And many Princes swords contributed,
Mine was not idle, and I merit some
Proportion of fame for that days victory;
But if it come with murmuring, defer it,
And make it up in your accounts of honour
Due, for the great *Palladium*, which I fetch'd
(Assisted by the valiant *Diomedes*)
Out of the heart of *Troy*, spight of the Groves
Of Spears, that grew a bright defence about it,
And Swords, whose every motion darted light-
ning

To guard the fatal Image; in this act
I gave you *Troy*, till this was ravish'd from 'em,
It was not in your fate to make a conquest,
Ajax and all the Army might have fought
Against the Moon, with as much hope of Victo-
ry.

Dio. This must be granted him a signal Ser-
vice,

I can attest the danger of this action.

Ul. I blush, I am compell'd to mention these,
But where my honour is traduc'd, 'tis just
To make my fairest vindication:
The wealth of *Greece* should not have brib'd me
to

This

This Contestation ; but *Achilles* armour
 Would strike ambitious thoughts into a Her-
 mite,

Nor will my limbes much tremble to sustaine
 'em.

I had the honour at his death, to carry
 His body with all that weight of arms upon it,
 And plac'd him in his Tent, although I want
 Some bulk of *Ajax*, I can walk, and fight,
 And tell him where he fails, and mark him out
 A truer path to Glory, than his strength
 Is able to persue, with no more brains
 To guide him, than his empty pannier carries :
 Wisemen joyn policy with force, the Lyon
 Thus, with the Fox, makes up the Souldiers em-
 blem.

And now I look on *Ajax Telamon*,
 I may compare him to some specious building,
 His body holds vast rooms of entertainment,
 And lower parts maintain the Offices,
 Onely the Garret, his exalted head,
 Useless for wise receipt, is fill'd with lumber.
 A Mastiff dares attempt to combate Lyons,
 And I'll finde men among your Mercenaries
 Shall fly on Hydra's, if you name that valour :
 But he, that we call valiant indeed,
 Knows how, and when to fight, as well as bleed.

A. great shout within.

Sol. Ulysses, Ulysses.

Agas.

Ag. Please you withdraw your persons for some minutes,

Aja. Is't come to this.

Ul. I obey.

Aja. I scorn to court
Such staggering opinions, and repent
That I once thought you fit to be my Judges.

Ex.

Ther. For my part, with pardon of the General,
My voice shall be to please them both.

Ag. Impossible.

Ther. Divide the armour, and compose the difference;
Or give *Ulysses*, 'cause he has the better
Head-piece, *Achilles* Helmet; and to *Ajax*,
Those parts that guard the body.

Dio. I am for

Ulysses.

Ne. He shall have my vote.

Me. And mine.

Ag. Your judgements meet with *Agamemnon*,
nons,

Intreat the Prince of *Ithaca* return.

Enter

Enter Ulysses.

Aga. Sir I congratulate your fate, you have
With the concurrence of our votes, deserv'd
To be the second owner of these arms;
Which as the first reward of all your service,
I in their names present: Nor are these Tro-
phies
More than an earnest, and a glimpse, of those
Eternal Monuments shall Crown your VVif-
dom;

VVhere's Ajax Telamon?

Off. Transported hence with fury.

Ulyss. You have honour'd your *Ulysses*, and I
now

Must call these things my blessing, and your
bounty.

Aga. Bear them in Triumph to his Tent, and
says

*VV*isdom, not down-right Valour wins the
day;

Better is wise *Ulysses* in the field,
Than the great Master of the seven-fold Shield.

Exeunt.

Didimus.

Didimus, Lysippus.

Did. I think *Lysippus*, we may now be friends;
For though you had a minde to quarrel when
The victory was doubtful, I am not
The more exalted for my Masters triumph,
His wit is none of mine; I honour *Ajax*
In his own arms; for I have seen him do
Brave things.

Ly. Thy hand, I love thee *Didimus*,
And I will love *Ulysses* for thy sake too.

Did. But how does thy Lord *Ajax* take the business?

Ly. He's mad, and rails at heaven and earth, I
dare not
Come neer him---Whose this, *Polybrontes*?

Enter Polybrontes.

Let us forget all differences. and make
Some sport with him---*Polybrontes*,
I am proud to see your military face.

Did. My Magazine of Valour, I do honour
you,
From that exalted tuft upon your Skonce,
To the cold iron Star upon your heel, how
is't?

Ly.

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Ly. How is't my Low, and Mighty *Polybrontes*?

Pol. Tir'd out with killing of the Creature,
Wilde Beasts, and Men, will come into my
way;

Some, I look dead, others I take the pains
To cut or quarter, as they move my fury,
The hare of *Juno* is entail'd upon
Our generation I think.

Did. How, *Juno*? I pray what kin are you to
Hercules?

Pol. I am his son, son to the *Theban Hercules*.

That did the mighty Labours; we number twelve,
I have been told too, I am very like him;
There were fifty of us in one night begotten.

Did. You are not, Sir, so big bon'd as *Hercules* altogether.

Pol. Hang bones, and flesh, and blood,
It is the soul that's tall, a Gyant's spirit.

Ly. Not in that body,
A soul can hardly stand upright in't.

Pol. 'Tis the more dangerous, being confin'd, and
must
Break out like lightning.

Did. What's that upon your hat?

Pol. My case of Tooth-picks.

Ly. How, 'tis a Lyons paw.

Pol. A Legacy my father left me, part
Of that *Nemean* Lyon, that he kill'd,
Whose skin he us'd to wear, which since these
Wars

I turn'd into a Knap sack, and it carries
A charm against all venemous Beasts, come near
it,

Did. Vermine he means:

*VV*hat kinde of belt is this?

Pol. This was a Serpent, which at *Aulis* was
Observ'd to climbe up to the Sparrows nest,
*VV*here having swallowed mine, *Calchas* pre-
sag'd,

*VV*e should be nine years at the siege of *Troy*,
And in the tenth be Conquerors, this I kill'd
*VV*ith a Flint stone, as it came hissing toward
me,

It had ten row of iron teeth.

Did. *VV*here are they?

Pol. All beaten out with that stone I threw at
her.

Did. Nothing escapes you then:

But good Sir favour us, to let us know
How many men have fallen by your sword
During our siege, I know you keep a Cata-
logue.

Pol. Not of all,

I onely register within my Diary,
The men of honour that I kill, the rest
I leave to the common bills of Mortality.

Ly. The men of honour, I pray, Sir.

Pol. They rise to --

700 in my roll.

Did. *VV*ith your own hand?

Pol. Ten Princes, beside two of *Priam's* sons.

Paris and *Hector*,

Ly.

Ly. Paris is alive.

Pol. Not that Paris I kill'd upon my honour.

Did. And all the Army knowes, *Achilles*
with

His Mirmidons slew *Hector*.

Pol. From me tell *Achilles*

'Tis false.

Ly. He's dead too.

Pol. 'Tis well he is so, he that steals my fame,
Must not be long i'th number of the living.

Did. You are
The little wonder of the world, you had
Done your self right, to have put in with *Ulysses*
And *Ajax*, for the armour.

Ly. Had he stood,
There had been no Competitor, *Ulysses*
Had this day mist his triumph.

Pol. Had *Ulysses*
The armour then?

Enter Ajax,

Ly. Given by all Judges.

Pol. I believe

The man is so modest, at mention
Of me, would have recanted his ambition;
Do not I know *Ulysses*? yes, and *Ajax*.

Aja. Ha!

Pol. And all the swelling flies that blow the Army,
I'll tell that *Ajax*, when I see him next,
That I dare fight?

Aja. With whom Sir, dare you fight?

Pol. With any man that shall affront you, Sir,

Re-

Renowned *Ajax*, my soul falls to crums
That day, I do not honour your remembrance.
Ulysses is a Juggler, I do wonder
At his impudence, to stand in competition
With him, that is the man of men, brave *Tela-*

mon :

Shall I carry him a challenge ; prethee let me,
I long to thunder him.

Aja. Stay Wesel !

Pol. Or to *Agamemnon*, or the best of them.
Would I were in my knapsack nibbling cheese
now.

Aja. I say the word, be dead,

Ajax strikes him.

Pol. My brains, my brains !

Ah my own sweet brains ; who wants any brains ?

Aja. Art thou not dead ?

Pol. Oh yes Sir, I am dead,
Give my Ghost leave to walk a little.

Aja. Come back, your name ?

Pol. Ah, when I was alive, the Soldiers call'd me—

Aja. *Agamemnon*.

Pol. I shall be brain'd in earnest !

Aja. When thou hast past the *Strygian Lake*, com-
mend me

To *Eacus*, one of the Infernal Judges.

Pol. I will Sir, I am acquainted with his Clerk.

Aja. And when I have made my revenge perfect,
I'll visit him my self.

Pol. I'll bring you an answer too.

Aja.

Aja. Do so.

Pol. I were best to make haste, Sir; *Charon* stays for me,

And I shall lose my ride.

Aja. Then vanish.

Pol. Presto.

Exit.

Aja. There's one dispatch'd, he's company for Ghosts,

I know whose fare is next, and then I leap

To immortality: what cloud is that

Descends so big with prodigy, my steel

Shall give the Monster birth, ha 'tis *Ulysses*,

Come to affront me in *Achilles* armour:

Enter Calchas.

A thousand serpents creep within my skull:

I'll finde the Cowards soul through all this darkness,

Have at thee Polititian, dost thou bleed?

Now I have met we'e, thanks to my good sword,

I kiss thy cold lips, for this brave revenge,

Thou art my own, without competitor,

And must be my last refuge and companion.

Cal. Alas poor *Telamon*!

Aja. Who calls *Telamon*?

Cal. One you have known and lov'd; can you forget

Calchas so soon?

Aja. Our *Grecian* Propheet, you are very welcome,
What news from the upper World? do they agree
In heaven? we are all to pieces.

Cal. I am trusted

VVkh

VWith a direction to you, the sacred powers
You serve----

Aja, Speak on, but let me tell you as a friend,
They have not us'd me kindly, but no matter,
I'll be my own revenger.

Cal. Sir, take heed

How you provoke their anger, or contempt
Their Precepts, for the partial acts of men,
They know, and pity that a man so valiant,
Should for a trifle lose his manly temper:
You are not, Sir, forgotten by the Gods
And I am sent, their Prophet to acquaint you,
That what you lost alive by humane Judges,
Their divine Justice shall restore with honour
To your calm dust; for know, those very arms
In which *Ulysses* triumphs now, shall be
Snatcht from him by a tempest, and shall land
A floating treasure upon *Ajax* Tomb,
And by their stay convince the future age,
VWho best deserv'd e'm; be not then unman'd,
And thus deface the beauties of your reason.

Aja. I thank 'em, they are pleas'd, when I am
dead

To make a restitution to my fame,
And send me home the armour, this is something,
I'll make my self in a capacity
By death to be an object of their justice,
I'll dye immediately, I can do't my self.

Cal. Your Piery avert so black a deed!
This is a way to make the world suspect
The worth of all your former actions,
And that they were not births Legitimate,

Born from true honour, but the spurious issue
 Of an unguided heart, or chance : How shall
 VVe think, that man is truly valiant,
 And fit to be engag'd in things of fright
 And danger, that wants courage to sustain
 An injury ? it shews a fear of others,
 To be reveng'd upon our selves, and he
 Is not so much a Coward that flies death,
 As he that suffers, and doth fear to live :
 Besides, this will enlarge your enemies triumph,
 And in the world opinions, be granted
 A tame concession to his worth ; nay men,
 And with much face of reason, may affirm,
Ulysses did not onely win the arms,
 But conquered *Ajax*.

Aja. Therefore I will dye
 VVith my own hand, and save that infamy ;
 I am resolved, all fate shall not prevent it :
 Leave me :

Cal. I must not.

Aja. I am not confin'd
 To place, thy office yet is thy protection,
 Do not presume to follow, lest my rage
 Make me forget your person, and by sad
 Mistake, I turn the Priest into a Sacrifice :
 Go tell the world I am dead, and make it known,
 That *Ajax* fell by no hand but his own.

Cal. This will turn all our Triumph into a mourning,

Exit

Colob

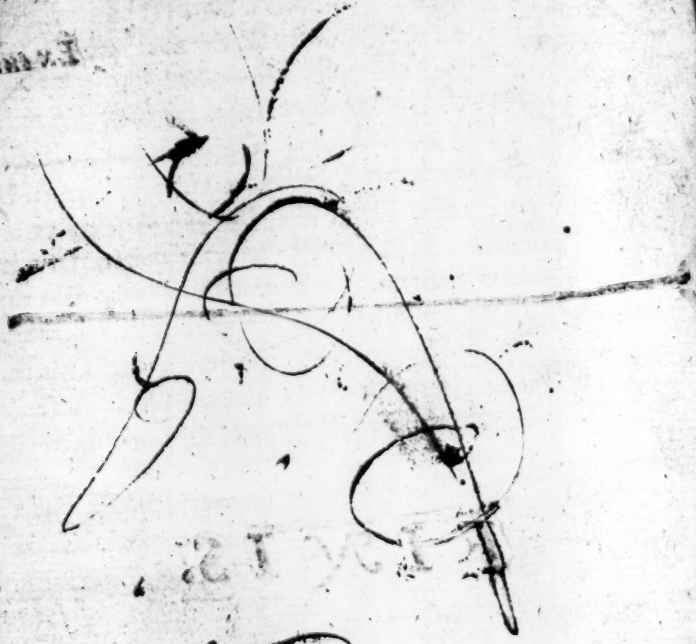
Ag. Set forward to the Temple, this was once
A day of Triumph, but the death of Ajax
Will make it dark within our Calendar;
Joys are oborrive, or not born to last,
And our bright days are quickly overcast.

Exeunt,

F I N I S

And our bright days are quickly overcast,
Joy is unobtain'd, or not to be long;
Will make it dark within our Calendar,
A day of Triumph, but the death of Mirth;
It is to ward to the Temple, this was our

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